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BECAUSE.

BY M. R.

I love you not because your eyes
Blue as the blue skies are,
Nor yet because your cheek outvies
The summer roses far.
The locks of gold that cling and curl
Around your forehead fair,
Your ruby lips and teeth of pearl
Did ne'er my heart ensnare.

'Tis true the blackbirds in the trees,
The larks in ether clear,
Will often cease their melodies
And list your voice to hear.
To match your hands no lilies grow
In wood or garden plot;
But for white hands and accents low,
Sweetheart, I love you not.

But 'tis because that voice so soft
Has kindly words for all;
Because the tears of pity oft
From your bright eyes down fall;
Because your hands are strong to do
Good for the poor and lone;
Because your heart is brave and true
My heart is all your own.

WON AT LAST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A TERRIBLE PENALTY," "HIS DEAREST SIN," "MISS FORRISTER'S LAND STEWARD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV—(CONTINUED).

PRESENTLY, in the middle of a song, Morgan Thorpe exclaimed—

"Oh! this is really too slow! Can't we have a little Nap? Deane, you play Nap, surely? Come and join us, for Trevor and I are bering each other to death!"

Bobby hesitated. He had not promised anyone that he would not play cards or bet on races, but he was conscious that he was not rich enough for either amusement.

"Don't play unless you like," murmured Laura.

Something in her tone nettled Bobby.

"Oh! I'll take a hand, as they want me," he said.

"Then you must not play high," she said, letting her hand fall upon his arm lightly, but with an almost tender little pressure. "Morgan, you must not play high."

"We'll play 'for love,' if Mr. Deane likes," said Morgan Thorpe.

Trevor growled contemptuously; and Bobby, as he seated himself at the table, said, with a flush—

"I'll play for anything you like!"

The little Nap commenced, and was played for some time to the accompaniment of soft music. At intervals, Laura moved about the room, arranging some flowers, or looking over a lady's fashion paper; and now and again she would come to the table and look on at the play with a little yawn and gesture of petulant impatience.

As is not unusual with the novice, Bobby held good cards. Fortune smiled upon him—as the Goddess of Luck has a trick of doing when she wants to lure the young devotee still closer to her shrine—and he won steadily.

"Really, my dear Deane," said Morgan Thorpe, "you play remarkably well; for, let me tell you, there is more play in Nap than is generally supposed."

"He held all the cards," growled Trevor, who was the larger loser.

"The cards are not everything!" said Morgan Thorpe. "Deane plays with discretion; he has a cool head and a quick eye."

Now, this is the kind of praise which is as sweet as honey to the inexperienced youth; and Bobby, as he gathered together the little heap of sovereigns, was delighted with himself and his new friends.

And, as he went home, with his winnings jingling in his pocket and the divine Laura's musical voice humming in his head, he felt that he was indeed "seeing life" under peculiarly pleasant auspices.

It was true that on his next visit he lost, but not so much as he had won; and on this occasion Morgan Thorpe assured him that he had only lost because he had held such vile cards.

Excepting when he was working with his crammer, Bobby spent nearly all his time with the Thorpes and Trevor; and he was rapidly becoming quite a man about town.

He learnt to play billiards, and other card games less innocent than Nap. He could drink a fairly large quantity of wine without growing hot and buzzy about the head; and he did not blush so frequently—not even when the divine Laura's smile grew more tender, and her voice more soft and thrilling when she looked and spoke to him.

After a week or two he grew bold enough to give them a formal invitation to dinner.

It was his first dinner-party; and for days beforehand he was in a fever of anxiety and excitement lest everything should not be right, and the entertainment not to be worthy of—of the beautiful woman who had been so sweet and gracious to him.

He spent hours thinking over the menu, and filled his cook with amazement by ordering a meal which would not have discredited a Rothschild.

"I shall have to have some help, sir," she said. "Or, perhaps I'd better get some of the things from Fortnum and Mason. It won't cost much more, and they're sure to be first-rate."

"All right," said Bobby, cheerfully and innocently. "And you'd better get a man to wait."

On the morning of the dinner he rearranged the rooms, shifting and re-shifting the furniture that it should all appear to the best advantage.

He had ordered a huge basket of flowers and orchids from the man in Bond Street—it was the bill for the flowers more than any other that afterwards made Bobby's hair stand on end—and he set a great bunch on his dressing-table beside the silver-backed brushes and combs he had purchased for Laura's use; and he placed another but smaller posey beside her plate.

When at home, he drank beer: but for this occasion he ordered some of the most expensive wines on the wine merchant's list, and procured cigars of the choicest brand. He was very particular about the coffee, which Fortnum and Mason were to send iced at the precise moment it would be required.

Concerning the cost of the affair he did not trouble himself, seeing that everybody was willing and more than willing to give him credit.

And, having dressed himself with extraordinary care, he surveyed the table glittering with Gaunt's plate and silver, and the costly orchids, with a feeling not quite of satisfaction, but at any rate cheerful anxiety.

How his heart beat and the color rose to his handsome face, when he heard the bell ring, and Mr. Morgan Thorpe's soft voice!

Stifling his nervousness, he went forward to meet his guests, and stammered his welcome. He could scarcely believe that she was really here in his—that is, Lord Gaunt's—room, until he felt the soft pressure of her gloved hand, and heard her musical voice murmuring—

"Are we late?"

Then she looked round.

"What a delightful room, Mr. Deane! Why, you are quite a sybarite!"

Bobby, in his nervousness, was about to blurt out, in forgetfulness of Morgan Thorpe'sinjunction, that the rooms were not his; but Morgan Thorpe frowned at him warningly, and Bobby stammered—

"Not—not worthy of your presence, Mrs. Dalton."

"How nicely you said that!" she murmured. "And, oh, what lovely flowers!"

She looked down at the bunch of orchids in her hand, and raised them to her lips caressingly. "And these I found on the dressing-table; were they meant for me? I appropriated them, you see!"

"If you will deign to accept them!" said Bobby, glowing with pride and pleasure.

Then they sat down to dinner; and Morgan Thorpe praised the soup and the hock—and the wine deserved all his praise, if it was as good as the price was high—and praised the red mullet, and praised the entree which the well-trained waiter handed round with the gravity and noiselessness of a ducal retainer.

Bobby was nervous at starting; and, like all novices at the game, watched the waiter anxiously; but as the dinner—the costly dinner—proceeded, and Morgan Thorpe grew more laudatory, he gained confidence, and rattled on with his usual boyish candor and spirit.

He allowed the waiter to fill his glass quite frequently; and the good wine set his heart beating and his tongue wagging.

The divine Laura toyed delicately with her dinner and she smiled at him, and murmured soft musical nothings. Morgan Thorpe talked fluently and in his best style. And only Trevor sat glum and silent, eating the costly and never-ending dishes with sullen appreciation.

Every now and then he looked up from his place and regarded Laura and Bobby with a fierce and gloomy scrutiny; but Laura caught the glances, and smiled at him when Bobby was not looking; and Trevor would return to his plate comforted and reassured.

The dinner was a success. It would have been rather strange if it had not been, considering the pains and money spent upon it; and Morgan Thorpe, when Laura had retired to the adjoining apartment, which was only divided from the dining-room by a curtain, and was furnished as a drawing-room, expressed his satisfaction and appreciation enthusiastically.

"A dinner fit for a prince! my dear Deane; you have proved yourself a perfect Maecenas! My dear fellow, you evidently have a genius for this kind of thing! I envy you, for I cannot imitate you! That plat—the third on the menu—did you think of it yourself?"

"No," said Bobby, modestly.

"Ah, I see! Gave your cook carte blanche! Well, she has proved herself a cordon bleu! It was beyond praise. What wine this is!"

He filled his glass and Trevor's with the Chateau claret. "Fit for the gods! My dear Deane, I drink to you! Fill his glass, Trevor. He is neglecting himself! It is the way of hosts."

Trevor shoved the decanter along sullenly; and Bobby filled his glass and drank to Mr. Morgan Thorpe.

The cigars were lit.

"Laura will not object to such cigars as these, my dear Deane!" remarked Morgan Thorpe.

A soft and subtle embracing Chopin floated from the piano in the next room. Laura was playing. Bobby's head began to swim with the wine, and Morgan Thorpe's praise, and the exquisite music. His heart was filled with satisfaction. The beautiful creature was in his (that is, Lord Gaunt's) rooms; his dinner had been a success!

They went into the little drawing room, and Bobby leant his elbow on the piano and gazed into the lovely, piquant face, and she gazed back at him with a soft and tender smile.

Then Trevor came up to the piano, and as Bobby moved away to answer a remark of Morgan Thorpe's, she smiled at him, and murmured something in a low voice.

"How's this going to end?" he asked in a hoarse voice. "What's it mean?"

"My dear friend, why be angry with me?" she whispered. You know that I am not a free agent. I am under orders! and I am—Ah, can you not see?—but obeying those orders! Don't be angry with me!" Trevor—his face was flushed, and his eyes bloodshot—bent until his lips nearly touched her hair.

"Don't—don't try me too far," he said hoarsely, "or I shan't be able to stand it!

And she smiled and sighed up at him; and the next instant she was smiling up at Bobby again with a pathetic, pleading expression in her dark eyes.

"Shall we have some cards?" Morgan Thorpe asked presently, and in quite a casual way. Bobby started away from the piano and the angel at it.

"Cards! I'm—I'm afraid I haven't any. I'm very sorry!" he said, remorsefully.

"By Jove, how strange!" said Morgan Thorpe, feeling in his pocket. "Quite by chance I happened to put a pack—why, there are two!—in my pocket last night. Now, how did I come to do that?"

"Don't play, dear Mr. Deane!" murmured Laura. But Mr. Morgan Thorpe slid his hand through Bobby's arm, and led him to the table, which the waiter had opened.

"Nonsense, my dear Laura! Of course he will play!"

Bobby sat down. He was all aglow with pleasant satisfaction at the success of his dinner, and—and—shall it be written?—with wine!

As they seated themselves, the waiter, preparatory to leaving, opened a couple of bottles of champagne, and filled the gentleman's glasses; and Bobby emptied his speedily.

While they played, the music floated out to them from the next room, and Bobby could scarcely fix his attention on the game, and he hummed an accompaniment; and his attention was yet further diverted when the divine Laura glided in to them, and, leaning on his shoulder, bent over him.

"Tiresome cards!" she murmured. "How I hate them! Why are you men so fond of them, I wonder?" and, with a petulant, impatient gesture, she swept the dark hair from her forehead.

Bobby looked up at her with all his young soul in his eyes.

"I would rather—rather be at the piano with you!" he murmured.

"Your play, Deane!" broke in Trevor's harsh voice, and Bobby played the first card—and lost.

"I mark the game," Mr. Morgan Thorpe would say pleasantly. "You ought to have won that, my dear Deane!"

Once or twice Bobby rose from the table and strayed to the piano, but Morgan Thorpe always called him back.

The music, the play went on until the chimes sounded small. Very frequently Laura leant over Bobby's shoulder, and murmured soft nothings.

Once her small white hand stroked his hair softly; and, at the caress, the blood mounted hotly to the boy's face, and he did not know whether he was playing hearts or diamonds; conscious of nothing but that fascinating presence, with the dark eyes and red lips; of the soft, mur-

murous voice that sang sweetly in his ears.

He passed the champagne—the wine whose cost he was presently to learn—and filled his own glass. And he talked and laughed, and made foolish bets, and lost them with cheerful indifference.

At last, warned by a glance from his sister's speaking eyes, Morgan Thorpe said, looking at the priceless bronze clock on the mantel-shelf—

"By Jove, my dear Deane, do you know the time? We must be going, we really must. My dear Laura, how could you let us trespass on Mr. Deane's hospitality?"

"It is those horrid cards!" said the divine Laura, with a pout, as her hand touched Bobby's arm with a lingering caress.

"Let me see," said Morgan Thorpe, as he consulted his memorandum tablet. "You have been unlucky to-night, Deane, very unlucky! I never saw such cards! You owe Trevor fifty-six pounds, and me a hundred and twenty-four."

Bobby's face fell, but Laura's white hand touched his shoulder, and he smiled up at her.

"I'm sorry! I'm—I'm afraid—" he stammered.

Morgan Thorpe laughed carelessly.

"My dear fellow, I did not suppose you carried so much money in your waistcoat pocket! No one does. You will do the usual thing, of course? Just give me an I O U, or better still, a little bill. Strange, but I have one about me!"

He produced a sheet of blue paper partly filled up, and laid it on the table.

"Sign that, my dear Deane. It is only a matter of form. Between friends, you know. You need not pay until it is convenient; in fact, Trevor and I don't care very much whether you pay or not. We have had such a delightful evening. Delightful! You are a perfect Maecenas, my dear Deane! By Jove, I have never had a more absolutely perfect dinner! Eh, Laura?"

Laura, thus appealed to, murmured something in Bobby's ears; and Bobby, taking the stylographic pen which Mr. Morgan Thorpe offered him, signed his name across the blue paper.

His head was swimming, his whole being thrilled under the touch of her hand, the music of her murmuring voice. He would have done anything—signed anything.

With a fond and vacuous smile, he wrapped her cloak round her.

"Take one of my flowers with you," he said, in a thick whisper.

She pressed the bouquet to her lips, and looked across at him with a sad smile.

"If we had only met—earlier!" she murmured.

Bobby went down to the brougham with them, and, as she entered, she pressed his hand so warmly that he ventured to raise her small white hand to his lips.

The brougham rattled away, and the divine Laura leant back with a yawn and a sigh.

Trevor bent forward, his bloodshot eyes

"How long is this going to last?" he asked, hoarsely.

She shrugged her shoulders, and glanced at her brother.

"Ask him!" she said.

Mr. Morgan Thorpe laughed.

"My dear Trevor!" he said, remonstratingly. "You surely are not jealous! Of a boy like that!" and Trevor, with a smothered oath, subsided.

Meanwhile, Bobby sat at the table, with the cards strewed around him, and thought of the divine Laura. He could feel her perfumed breath upon his cheek, could hear her voice still ringing in his ears.

He did not remember how much he had lost; did not reflect that he was the son of a poor man, with a limited allowance. He only thought of that beautiful face and sweet voice, and—Reader, did you ever hear the song of "The Spider and the Fly?"

CHAPTER XVI.

THE night of Gaunt's dinner party arrived.

He had put it off as long as possible, for he hated the thought of it, but the thing had to be done, and at last a date was fixed, and the invitations sent out.

It was to be a very large party, but there was no danger of the resources of the Hall being strained, for the state rooms, as the housekeeper loved to call them, were vast enough to hold more persons than were asked; and the army of servants were well drilled.

There was a Countess of Roborough, a dear old lady, with white hair, and beautiful, old-fashioned manners; she was a great friend of the Gaunts, and she offered to play the part of hostess, and sit at the head of his table, "for the night only."

"It is a pity that there is not a duly qualified and legal 'lady of the castle,'" she said to Gaunt, when she made the offer. "It is always awkward for a bachelor, and I think you will find me useful. I hope next time you give a party, I shall not be needed, Lord Gaunt."

She smiled at him with her wise and compassionate old eyes; and Gaunt smiled back at her and shook his head.

He had winced at the word "bachelor," but he answered calmly enough—

"No one could fill the place so well as you, dear Lady Roborough, and I should always be satisfied to see you in it. I am very grateful."

She looked at him wistfully, and sighed; she knew that there must be some mystery in his life; but she knew also that whatever it was, Gaunt would keep it to himself.

Mrs. Sherborne and her brother received an invitation and accepted. Decima also received hers.

She would have liked to have refused, but Lord Gaunt had made her promise, and she knew she must go. But she did not want to go with Mrs. Sherborne, and she carried the invitation to her father. Mr. Deane at first positively refused.

"I hate a crowd," he said. "Why does not Robert take you?"

"Bobby cannot leave London," said Decima.

Mr. Deane shuffled up and down the laboratory.

"I've had a letter this morning from him," he said, and he felt in his pockets, and looked round helplessly.

"Where is it? I put it somewhere. He writes asking for more money; he seems to have spent all his allowance already. I suppose I must send him some more, though I can't afford it—that is, just now; presently it will not matter."

He straightened himself and looked round with a sanguine smile. "There will be plenty of money, my dear Decima, plenty, very soon. Yes, Bobby and you shall take your proper places in the world."

Decima had grown so accustomed to such remarks as these that they had ceased to make any impression on her.

"And you will go, father?" she said.

"Yes, yes, I suppose so," he assented, with a sigh.

Decima went and looked at her dresses. She would have liked a new frock for the occasion, but she thought of Bobby's letter, and resolved to make one of the old ones do.

She was quite sure that so insignificant a person as herself would not be noticed in that brilliant assemblage.

So, when the night came, she put on her soft, dove-colored silk, only slightly open at the neck, and without a flower or jewel for ornament, and smiled at her reflection in the glass.

"I certainly do look rather Quakerish, as Bobby would say," she thought. "But it will not matter. I know scarcely anyone but the Mershons, and I shall escape notice all the easier."

The party had created a great deal of excitement, and she realized how important a function it was when she saw the large crowd of villagers which had collected at the gates to see the guests arrive, and the long line of handsome carriages coming and going along the avenue.

The great house was a blaze of light, and Mr. Deane shuffled his feet and groaned, as their modest fly at last drew up to the steps, over which a striped awning had been spread, and he caught a glimpse of the many footman standing in waiting.

Lady Roborough stood just within the drawing-room to receive the guests, and Lord Gaunt stood at her elbow, holding her bouquet.

Her keen eyes scanned Decima's face as she and her father were announced, and, for a moment, a look of surprise and admiration flashed in her ladyship's eyes as she gave Decima her hand.

At Decima's entrance Gaunt's heart leapt; but his face grew paler if anything.

"It was good of you to come!" he said, in a low voice, and his hand closed over hers with a firm pressure. Decima murmured something inaudible, and, passing on, was swallowed up in the crowd.

Lady Roborough looked after her.

"What a sweet-looking girl!" she said, in an undertone to Gaunt. "It is a remarkable face; one sees so few really modest-looking girls nowadays. I did not know Mr. Deane had a daughter. How is it I have not met her?"

Gaunt looked straight before him; the touch of the little gloved hand was still throbbing through him.

"They are very quiet people, and go nowhere," he said, casually—too casually—for the sharp old lady glanced at him keenly. But Gaunt's face was as impassive as usual, and told nothing.

There were several persons who knew Mr. Deane, and Decima found that she was not to pass unnoticed, as she had hoped and expected; for her appearance had impressed others besides Lady Roborough, and the men were asking Mr. Deane to introduce them, and the ladies were glancing at her curiously.

Presently Mrs. Sherborne and Mr. Mershon arrived. Mrs. Sherborne was very pale and looked nervous, and Mr. Mershon entered with lowered eyes and kept them under their lids for some minutes; then he raised them and looked round with a kind of covert eagerness, saw Decima, and made his way to her.

There were several gentlemen near her, and one was talking to her; and Mr. Mershon had to wait until she was free to greet him.

His thin lips tightened, and he stood looking down with a half-nervous, half-aggressive air. Then he shook hands with her, and his small eyes glanced round the magnificent room and the brilliant crowd.

"Quite a splendid affair, isn't it?" he said, with an attempt at a sneer.

Decima looked about her with a very different expression. The splendor of the women's dresses, the flashing of the diamonds pleased her and excited her a little. There was not a spark of envy in her bosom, not a tinge of regret for her own plain attire.

Mr. Mershon's remark and its tone grated upon her, and she made no response. She saw Lord Gaunt moving about the room speaking to one and another, and, almost as if he were conscious that her eyes were resting upon him, he turned and looked at her and suddenly came across to her.

"Well, are you satisfied?" he said in a low voice, too low for Mershon to hear; and he noticed the whispered tone, and resented it with sharp resentment as he moved away a little.

"Satisfied?" said Decima, looking at him with a faint smile.

"Yes," he said. This is your doing. You wanted me to see people, go into society—and, here you are, you see!"

He smiled, but there was a gravity and intensity in his gaze which Decima felt.

"Oh!" she said, in repudiation. "But, if it were true, then I am satisfied. How beautiful it is—I mean the rooms—"

"Which you decorated," he said, in a low voice.

"And the dresses, and the jewels," she continued, disregarding his interruption. "It is quite magnificent, and—and like a pageant. You ought to be very proud, Lord Gaunt; for it must be pleasant to have so many nice and beautiful persons in your house."

He looked at the girlish face uplifted to him, and smiled emphatically. He noticed the plainness of her dress, the absence of any ornament—he had noticed it the moment she entered—and he thought: "Not one of the women, with all their grand dresses and their diamonds, is so beautiful, so distinguished-looking, as this love of mine in her simple frock!"

"I am glad you are pleased," he said, quietly. "It will be my reward for—for being a good boy, and doing as I was told."

As he spoke, Mr. Mershon came up, and offered her his arm.

"I am to take you in, Miss Deane," he said.

Gaunt looked at him with an impassive face, in which no sign of his envy was visible, and went to the Countess of Ullminster, who was allotted to him.

The brilliant crowd passed into the dining-room, with its softly-shaded lights. For this occasion the famous Gaunt plate had been unearthed from the bank vaults, and the long table shone with gold and silver. There were flowers everywhere, and they softened the glitter of the precious metals and the flashing of the jewels.

The dinner was a superb one—it is talked of to this day—and, unlike most functions of its kind, by no means dreary. Lady Roborough was the perfection of a hostess, and Gaunt exerted all the charm which belonged to his race.

No one was better fitted to shine in society; and Decima, who was not very far from him, where he sat at the bottom of the table, thought, as she listened to him, and glanced now and again at his face, how much younger he looked than when she had first met him.

As a matter of fact, he was playing his part extremely well. He hated and loathed the whole affair; but no one had the least suspicion of his sentiments, or guessed that all the while he was talking so brilliantly and smiling so easily, that he was wishing them all away—all but one little girl in dove-colored silk! Gaunt's admirably assumed manner and mood proved infectious, and, instead of the dreary, commonplace small talk, with its intervals of awkward and embarrassing silence, which characterise most dinner-parties, conversation flowed freely, and laughter ran like an accompaniment.

On Lady Roborough's right sat the well-known Lord Ferndale. He was an old friend of hers, and accustomed to speak to her with the freedom and candor which are the privileges of true friendship.

"Lord Gaunt is distinguishing himself to-night," he said, in a voice intended for her ear only. "What a fine fellow he is!"

"Have you only just discovered that?" she said with a smile.

"By George, he has not given me much opportunity of doing so before this!" he retorted. "The man has been a dark horse, and has kept us at arm's length until now."

"What a smile! I did not know that a horse had arms!"

He laughed,

"Seriously, I am delighted with him. He is doing this to perfection. Why doesn't he marry and settle down amongst us—like—like a Christian and a county gentleman."

Lady Roborough glanced at Gaunt's face as he bent towards the lady on his left with a pleasant, courtly smile.

"Why don't you ask him himself?" he said, drily.

Lord Ferndale made a grimace.

"Why don't I beard the lion in his den? Because I am afraid of his claws, my dear Lady Roborough. Gaunt's a queer man to tackle, I should think; and I'd rather ask any man that question than him. By the way, who is that lovely girl—child, I had almost said—sitting beside the dark little man—fourth from the end of the table?"

"A Miss Deane," said Lady Roborough.

"What, old Peter Deane's daughter! Really! How lovely she is! I never saw a more taking face."

"Excepting Lady Ferndale's," said Lady Roborough, with a smile. For there had been a romance in Lord and Lady Ferndale's lives, and everyone knew how devoted they were to each other. He glanced at his still young-looking wife, and smiled.

"She is a beautiful girl," he said, meaning Decima. "She has that kind of face which—which—"

"Plays havoc with your hearts," said Lady Roborough, finishing the sentence for him. "Yes, she has. I was struck by it the moment I saw it, for we—old—women can admire a girl as ardently as you men can.

"We have passed the envious and jealous stage, you see. I will introduce her to you after dinner, and you can make love to her. You always do to every pretty girl, don't you?"

"I do," he said, with mock gravity. "It's the duty of every self-respecting man to make love to every pretty girl."

There were others beside Lord Ferndale who were attracted to Decima, and, though Mr. Mershon sat silent and rather sullen, she found plenty to talk to her.

Every now and then, Gaunt turned his eyes in her direction; and, when he did so, the smile died from his lips, and a preoccupied and absent expression fell on his face, all the fire left his eyes, and they grew sad and wistful.

Once, Decima, looking at him, caught this expression, and something stirred in her heart, what, she could not have told; but it made her sad and wistful also.

To her the dinner seemed interminable. Course after course followed in an endless chain. But, presently, a strain of music was heard. Gaunt glanced towards the door leading to the hall.

"I thought you would like some music," he said, half apologetically. "That's the Hungarian Band.

It was the one thing needed. The men smiled and leant back in their chairs, and the women tapped their feet on the soft Turkey carpet in time with the subdued, silvery strains.

Decima glanced at Gaunt, and he met her eyes.

"Are you pleased, satisfied?" he seemed to say, and she smiled approvingly at him.

At last Lady Roborough looked round at the ladies, and rose, and they filed out to the drawing room.

Gaunt was near the door, and he opened it for them. As Decima passed, he stretched out his hand, and touched her arm. She felt the touch, and looked at him.

There was an infinite yearning in his eyes, a wistful sadness which smote her, and it haunted her for some minutes afterwards.

As Gaunt went back to the men, he passed his hand over his brow with the gesture of a man who has to get through an allotted task.

"Close up!" he said. "Ferndale, the port is with you, Mr. Mershon, do you prefer claret? It is there, at your elbow."

In an instant or so he was the perfect host again, and, with a smile on his lips, was encouraging the men to drink. But all the time his thoughts were with the little girl in the dove-colored dress, and he hated the necessity that kept him away from her; but he played his part with consummate art, and talked and laughed as if he were delighted with his company and his position as host.

Meanwhile, Decima had found a quiet corner of the drawing-room, and had almost hidden herself. In Lady Pauline's drawing-room she was somebody of importance; but here, amidst these county dames, in their gorgeous dresses and diamonds, she felt herself a kind of nobody, and desired to remain unnoticed.

There was a small cabinet of books near her, and she took out a volume. It chanced to be an edition de luxe of a recent history of travel, and, as she turned over the pages she came upon a reference to Lord Gaunt.

It seemed that the writer regarded Lord Gaunt with strong admiration, and he spoke of his courage and spirit with enthusiasm.

Decima's eyes glowed, and the color rose to her face. It was strange that she should have happened upon that book of all the others: it seemed as if, at no moment of her life, Lord Gaunt could be absent from her thoughts. As she was reading, Lady Roborough came up.

"I have been looking for you, my dear," she said, with that kindly familiarity which an elderly woman of the world can use towards a young girl. "I have been hearing your praises sung. The vicar—what a dear old man he is!—has been telling me of your goodness to the village people. And he says too, that it is you who have transformed Leafmore from a dingy old house to what it is."

Decima flushed slightly; but her clear eyes met Lady Roborough's frankly.

"Oh, no, no!" she said. "I only helped."

Lady Roborough smiled at her approvingly, for Decima's modesty pleased her.

"Rather more than helped, my dear, if all they say is true, and I think it is. But why are you sitting here like a little puss in the corner? Won't you come and sing or play to us?"

Decima looked round reluctantly. She was not nervous, but she felt that her simple songs would be scarcely suited to so large and grand a party.

"Presently, perhaps?" said Lady Roborough, as if she understood. And, with a nod, she left her. A daughter of Lord Ferndale's went to the piano. She was a beautiful girl, the belle of the county, and possessed a magnificent and perfectly-trained voice, and its marvelous notes filled the big room with a volume of sound. Decima listened with delight, and her eyes shone. There was a murmur of applause when the song finished, and "How beautiful!" escaped Decima's lips.

Lady Ferndale was standing near her. She was passionately fond and proud of her daughter, and the involuntary, girlish burst of admiration touched her.

"Thank you, Miss Deane!" she said, smiling down at her. "That was a genuine tribute, and I am grateful. I am her mother, you see!"

Decima smiled up at her, as if she understood what she felt; and, drawn towards her by her sympathy, Lady Ferndale sat down and talked to her. Someone played a brilliant sonata, and then Lady Roborough came up, and drew Decima's hand through her arm.

"Now you will sing to us, my dear?" she said. She led Decima to the piano, and Decima looked up at her appealingly.

"I have so little voice!" she said; "and after that grand one!"

But, simply and unaffectedly, she sang one of the ballads which Bobby was so fond of listening to after dinner; and there must have been something in the voice which touched the audience—and what an audience!—for the talking ceased.

While she was still singing the gentlemen came in, and at the door they, too, stopped talking, and stood listening.

CHAPTER XVII.

GAUNT had entered almost last, and he drew back, so that he was quite behind the others. His eyes went towards the girlish figure at the piano, and he held his breath for a moment as his lips twitched.

When she had finished he went up to the piano, and stood beside her. It was the proper thing for him to do, as host; but he did not praise the song.

"Thank you!" was all he said; and the words sounded almost grim and stern. As she looked up at him, she saw a deep line across his brow, and that his lips were tightly drawn.

She looked down again in an instant, a faint trouble at her heart. Was he ill—unhappy? she wondered. A moment or two afterwards, some of the other men came round her and began to talk, and Gaunt moved away and went about the room.

Tea was served, with due state and ceremony; there was more singing and playing; the room was filled with the buzz of conversation. Gaunt moved about with a kind of restlessness, and suddenly he went into the hall.

Decima heard the servants wheeling the furniture about in it; then the band began to play, and Gaunt came back and went up to Lady Roborough and said something.

She smiled and nodded, and addressing the company generally, said—

"Lord Gaunt says that, as the band is here, why not dance?"

The ladies brightened up, and murmured a delighted assent; and in a moment or two the dancing commenced.

Decima drew back, for there were more ladies than gentlemen, and she did not expect to have many partners; but, to her astonishment, several men came to her with eager requests for a dance.

Now, Gaunt had proposed the dance that he might get a waltz with her; and, having seen the first waltz started, he was making his way to her.

Then he saw that she was surrounded—and by some of the younger men, and he stopped short. The line deepened on his brow, and, with a sigh, he turned aside, and went and sat by Lady Ferndale, as if he had no intention of dancing.

Without watching him, Decima saw him, and noticed the approach and retreat, and a little wave of disappointment passed over her.

"I've been talking to that sweet girl," said Lady Ferndale.

He looked straight before him.

"Which?" he said, almost curtly. "There are so many sweet girls, Lady Ferndale."

She laughed.

"How gallant! I mean Miss Deane. She has quite won my heart, and I intend to see more of her, if she will let me."

He nodded, with a kind of bitterness in his heart, for he saw that he should no longer have Decima to himself. She had made an impression on the society of the place. The next instant he felt ashamed of himself.

"I am a selfish brute!" he thought. Then, aloud—

"You will like her," he said. "She has very few friends; and it will be very kind if you will call on her."

"I shall certainly do so," said Lady Ferndale. "How happy she looks."

Gaunt followed her eyes and nodded grimly.

Decima was dancing with one of the handsomest young men, and one of the best dancers, in the room; and there was a faint rose tint in her face, and a happy light in her eyes.

He stifled a sigh. Well, why should she not be happy? A moment or two later he rose, almost abruptly, and crossed the room to the buffet which the butler had extemporized.

Some men were standing there, drinking champagne. Amongst them was Mr. Mershon; he was leaning against the table, his glass in his hand, his eyes fixed on Decima.

His narrow face was pale, and his nostrils had a pinched look about them; and Gaunt, as he glanced at him, was struck by the expression. Gaunt got himself some wine.

"Not dancing, Mr. Mershon?" he said.

Mershon started, and his eyes dropped instantly.

"I am going to dance the next," he said, in a strained voice, and moved away.

When the waltz was over he went to Decima, and asked her for the following one.

"I am engaged for that," she said.

She was panting a little, and there was a happy smile on her lips; for she had enjoyed her dance.

Mershon bit his under-lip.

"Perhaps you are engaged for all?" he said.

"Oh, no!" she replied. "I don't know how many there will be, but I am only engaged for the next two. I will give you the third, if you like."

He jotted it down on his cuff, bowed, and moved off, and, going to a recess, stood there and watched her covertly. Presently Mrs. Sherborne came up to him.

"Why don't you dance with her?" she said. "She is making a sensation. It—it will turn her head."

He stifled an oath, and glanced at her savagely.

"Do you think I can't see it? Why do you come and worry me?"

"Don't be angry with me, Theodore—I can't help it," she said, in her low, nervous voice, "I wish you had spoken to her before. It will not be so easy after to-night."

His oath was audible this time, and she shrank away from him. He remained in the same place for a minute or two, still watching Decima; then he went to the buffet and got some more wine.

His face did not gain any more color, but a light began to burn in his sharp, small eyes, and his lips twitched, for he was an abstemious man as a rule, and he had drunk far more than his usual quantity already.

Gaunt moved—it might be said that he wandered—about. There was a smile on his face, but it was a fixed smile, and too grim for mirth. At last, as if he could not keep away from her any longer, he went up to Decima.

"I've come to beg for a dance," he said. "Will you give me one—the next?"

She raised her eyes to his with a sudden pleasure in them.

"Oh! I am so sorry—I mean"—she faltered—"I am engaged, to Mr. Mershon."

Her late partner rose and bowed, and left them; and Gaunt sat down in his place beside her.

"Give me one—the first you have?" he said.

"It is a long way off!" she said regretfully. "Why—didn't you ask me before?" she had almost ended with innocent reproach.

Gaunt could have finished the sentence for her.

"There are so many other—younger—men who are anxious to dance with you," he said.

There was unconcealed reproach in her eyes as she raised them to his.

"And I am host and must surrender the best to my guests," he added quickly.

She laughed softly.

"What an outrageous compliment!" she said.

"Was it?" he said, rather grimly. "Are you happy?" he asked, suddenly, his eyes seeking her face with something of their love-hunger revealed in them.

The question startled her.

"Yes," she said; "very happy. It is all so bright and beautiful—the music——"

She looked round, and laughed with innocent delight in the brilliant scene.

"I am glad," he said, in a low voice. "It was worth doing."

"It is such a great success," she said, after a moment. "Everybody is so evidently enjoying themselves. Lady Roborough says that your party will never be forgotten."

"It will not—by me," he commented.

"And you, too, must be happy!" she said, glancing at him.

"I am—very," he said; but there was something in his tone, in the look of his eyes, that troubled her.

"You deserve to be," she murmured softly, and a little shyly. "You are so unselfish; you have taken all this trouble to give pleasure to others——"

He folded his arms, and gripped them above the elbow tightly. Her frank, innocent praise of him, the soft, sweet voice, the deep eyes were "getting on his nerves."

He felt that if he stayed near her much longer he should lose the power of self-constraint. He forced a smile, and got up from the lounge.

"I save my modesty by flight," he said. "You would make a saint of me, and all the while I know that I am——" He left the sentence unfinished, and walked away.

Mr. Mershon's dance came, and with it that gentleman. He offered her his arm without a word, with just one sharp glance from his guarded eyes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SELFISHNESS.—There is no bar to thorough and wide culture so insuperably fatal as selfishness, nor any external disadvantage so contracting to the intellect as pride and contracted affections. It is possible to be very fully in sympathy, in one place as well as in another, with all that is human, and with all that is useful; and there are few more honorable ambitions than to put your whole strength, with a willing and a cheerful mind, into the work and the opportunities of good-will which lie near you.

To Our Subscribers and Friends:

The sudden death of Mr. A. E. Smythe, late publisher of THE POST, and the legal formalities consequent on settlement of his estate constitute the cause of, and our apology for, the delay in issue of the paper.

We ask your indulgence and patience for a few days, as we expect to be regularly on time commencing with issue of 28th instant.

Bric-a-Brac.

ROMAN DOORS.—The ancient Romans were not allowed, except by special law, to open a door outward; but two brothers who had distinguished themselves in war with the Sabines were granted this privilege of opening their doors to the street, after the Athenian manner. It was attended however with this inconvenience—when any one passed out, he had to strike the door vigorously from within to warn any one approaching to keep his distance.

THUS THEY USE OIL.—Travelers in Africa tell of a custom almost universal among the natives—that of anointing the body with oil. At first thought it seems a dirty habit, but it appears that the Africans use the oil to prevent chapping of the skin. The hot winds of the Nile region will chap as badly as those of the colder climates, and it is not an uncommon thing—if something is not done to prevent it—for the skin to crack open until the blood flows.

AN ODD SCRAPER.—A curious instrument possessed by everyone in China above the extremely poor is the tongue-scraper. The people may or may not have brushes, but they are sure to have a tongue-scraper. This scraper is a ribbon of silver or gold with a ring at one end by which it is suspended when desired. The cheapest are of plain metal, more expensive ones are engraved, while a few are jewelled at either end. Like hair-pins, they are sold by weight, plus a small charge of workmanship.

ROSES.—In 1535 but four species of roses were known. La Quintinie, gardener to Louis XIV., raised this number to fourteen. In 1820 Alphonse de Candolle enumerated a hundred and forty species. The number of wild species now known to botanists is over two hundred and fifty, to which may be added at least as many more sub-species or varieties, while the list of garden varieties, mostly with double flowers, numbers over six thousand, and is every year receiving fresh additions.

LOCKS.—Tradition says that locks were made in England in the reign of Alfred, but it was not till the fourteenth century that the craft was recognized as a distinct one. In the reign of Elizabeth locks with bells or chimes were so constructed as to ring an alarm or play a tune when they were tampered with. In the sixteenth century, in Germany and France, as well as in England, the art of the locksmith was at its highest perfection, and the keys were truly artistic, with escutcheons, armorial insignia, ornaments and piercings upon the end to be grasped by the hand.

MASTER AND SERVANT.—In China no feature of society is more curious than the relation between master and servant. If the servant be of the military class, he is admitted to the intimate society of his master, but never takes a liberty. At dinner, having taken his place with the utmost humility, he joins in the conversation, addressing freely not only his master, but also guests of the highest rank. As soon as the meal is over, however, the servant retires with the most profound obeisance and deference, and in no way will he venture to avail himself of his peculiar privilege until the proper occasion presents itself.

WHALES.—The fidelity of the male and female whale to each other exceeds that of most animals. One writer mentions that some fishermen, having struck one of two whales, a male and female that were in company together, the wounded creature made a long and terrible resistence. With a single blow of its tail it upset a boat containing three men, through which they all went to the bottom. When another boat came up, the other whale still remained by its companion, and lent every assistance, till at last the wounded victim began to sink under the number and severity of its wounds; thereupon its faithful partner, unable to survive its loss, stretched herself upon the dead body of her mate, and calmly shared its fate.

DEAD.

BY M. M.

Dead! And only a week to-day
(The blackbird sang from the hawthorn spray)
We wandered up from the dusky wood,
Till high on the moor above we stood,
And gazed on the goodly lands beneath,
That stretched away from the purple heath
To meet the line of the distant sea—
The goodly lands that belong to me.

Dead! And he loved me! A week to-day
(The blackbird sang from the hawthorn spray),
As we stood alone in the evening light,
I looked in his eyes, and read aright
Their wistful glance, and my pulses stirred,
Though I knew he never would say a word.
The earth stood still while I tried to speak,
The red blood mounted to flush my cheek;
But pride—though neither of rank nor race—
Drove it back ere it tinged my face,
It checked my pulses and kept me dumb,
Strangling the words as they strove to come—
That craven pride in the woman's thought—
"I dare not offer the gift unsought."
So, silent, a little space we stood,
Then turned our steps to the dusky wood,
And still behind me the voice of Fate
Whispered, mocking, "Too late! too late!"

Too late indeed! In the silent gloom,
The darkened hush of his curtained room,
He sleeps so sound he could never hear
My words, though breathed in his very ear;
He would not stir though I rose and crept
To kneel beside him; no tears I wept,
No kiss I pressed on his quiet brow,
Could tell my lover the secret now.

Dead! And I sit in my state apart,
And curse my cowardly woman's heart.

THRO' EVIL PATHS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SISTER OR WIFE?" "THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE," "UNDER SUSPICION," "HER DEAREST FRIEND," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.—(CONTINUED.)

I REALIZED that Clarice did not speak without reason, and I saw that her distress was genuine. I hurried away to find Margaret, and met her, sorrowing and despondent, coming in search of us. From her I received the exact and detailed account of what had happened, as I have narrated it. Then we went to the windows of my room, and she pointed out to me the very group of trees among which she had last seen the strange woman.

"I know the exact spot," she told me, "because of the old elm. She seemed to disappear behind that."

Margaret pointed to an old, half-dead, hollow-trunked tree, said to be the oldest denizen of the park.

"There?" I queried. "Why, nonsense, dear! You are alarming yourself for nothing. That is close to the house, and within full view of the windows. Depend upon it no one carrying off a child would have ventured there. Marthe is certainly hiding somewhere, and presently will appear laughing at us. You know her impish tricks and her love of a sensation."

"You really think so?" said Margaret dubiously.

"Indeed, I do! Don't fret—what harm can have happened to her? The woman must have been seen. Besides, the other day, Marthe was learning the poetic version of 'The Mistletoe Bough.' I heard her declaiming to Sophie—

"'If ever you should come to Modena,
Stop at a palace near the Rezzio gate.'

She has striven to emulate the bride. Fortunately you have no cupboards or dress-baskets with spring locks—eh?"

"And the entrance to the theatre is walled up."

"Yes—but the house should be thoroughly searched," I replied.

The building was searched, parties were organized, and workmen from the village brought in to sound the walls in search of unsuspected hollows and secret doors, but the solid masonry had no secret to yield, and the only entrance to the vaulted theatre was, as Margaret had said, securely bricked up.

The hours went by, yet no sign or tidings reached us of Marthe. Then I refrained from offering any more suggestions, but I began to think.

What had become of the woman? Who was she? None of the villagers seemed to know. The police had, of course been communicated with, but no one answering to her description had been on the road, either approaching or leaving the park.

True, there was a gipsy encampment about two miles away, but the police visited it at once, and seemed perfectly satisfied that nothing was there known of the missing child.

The news of course reached Doctor Fairfax, and he called about one o'clock; but even he had no advice to offer. But he pooh-poohed the idea of kidnapping, and said that Marthe was certainly hiding, and would come out when she was hungry. My belief on that point, however, was shaken.

In all this excitement the expected visit from Sir Duncan Drew seemed almost forgotten—at least no one spoke of it. I however remembered it, and also felt a strong wish to be the first—at any rate, the first within the house—to tell of the occurrence of the morning.

With the idea of gaining my desire, I sauntered down the drive about a quarter before three. I had not long to wait, for presently I heard the wheels of his dog cart—coming however very slowly—then, to my surprise, footsteps and voices.

I had just time to realize that I had been forestalled and to draw back into the plantation without being perceived, before both footsteps and voices came quite near.

Mrs. Beverley must have met Sir Duncan at the Lodge gates, and the Baronet had alighted from his trap and was walking up the drive with the lady, talking earnestly.

So intent was he on what he was saying, that he left his horse to browse not far from my hiding place, and, together with his companion, came and sat down on one of the seats at the edge of the plantation.

I was too far off to overhear their conversation. But cunning for cunning, I had Margaret's happiness to think of, and also a little theory of my own.

Would it be possible to reach the bushes behind the couple without disturbing them? It was, for, by making a small circuit, I succeeded in doing it three minutes later. Crouching down behind a holly tree, I found that I could listen at my ease. Matters were going very much as I had anticipated.

"I cannot believe it!" Sir Duncan declared, in a grieved tone. "Knowing Margaret as I do, I cannot."

"Of Margaret as she once was," said Mrs. Beverley "I, too, would have thought it impossible. But I cannot shut my eyes to the change in her since my poor child has been declared the heiress of this miserable estate."

"Of course she is changed," the Baronet returned impatiently. "Naturally she felt her deposition—for it was nothing less; but not to the extent of wishing or planning evil to her little sister."

"Ah, how can I expect that you should understand the feelings or intuitions of a mother?" The woman's voice was quite tremulous with suppressed sobs as she said this. Evidently Sir Duncan thought that he had been harsh, for when he spoke again both words and tone were more gentle.

"Believe me," he told her, "I would do anything in my power to assist you—anything that does not involve my having faith in Margaret's guilt or that would seem to be the outcome of such a belief."

"And yet it is only by doing that that there is any hope of my child being restored to me," Mrs. Beverley replied, in a tone of despair, "for I am convinced that Margaret alone knows where she is."

"Indeed, Mrs. Beverley, I cannot but think you are grievously in error. I can make every allowance for you, but I cannot stay now to argue the point and show you how untenable your theory is, for ——"

"For—you are going to Margaret," she interrupted bitterly, "and I am detaining you. But, ah, my friend, listen to me! I have some care for your welfare, also for your—happiness. I am alone now, for every one is against me. I have lost my child—I am bereaved—but I can still think of others—of you. I entreat of you, do nothing rashly! Do not risk your happiness—your honor——"

"Madame," he ejaculated rather angrily, "I risk nothing where Miss Beverley is concerned! You have brought an accusation against her for which you have absolutely no proof."

"Ah," she cried eagerly, "you desire proof! Then you shall have it—proof of Margaret's guilt—alas, that I should say it of my husband's child! But she is also the descendant of that Dorothy Beverley, who was the most treacherous of all the line. I will find my child! Living or dead, I shall find her—I know it. My mother's instinct will guide me, and you shall have the proof you desire. But, alas, alas, was ever woman so unhappy!"

It was growing exciting. I peeped from my hiding place, and saw that during her declamation she had sprung to her feet and made really a tragic pose. Then she sank down upon the seat and buried her face in her white hands.

Sir Duncan took the opportunity to leave her.

"Nay," he said kindly, "cheer up! I am as sure as you are that Marthe will be found, though not with the result you expect. Now I must bid you farewell," and, with a courage for which I really had hardly given him credit, he went to his horse's head gathered up the reins, and remounted his dog cart.

It was about time that he did, for three o'clock had struck some ten minutes, and I knew that Margaret would be waiting. Then Mrs. Beverley raised her tearful face, ran to the side of the cart, and stretched out one little hand.

'You are not angry with me?" she asked piteously.

What could he do but take the pretty white hand in his?

A few more words were exchanged which I could not hear, and when Sir Duncan at length drove off, I felt less triumphant. I was by no means sure that she had not scored after all.

Indeed, from Margaret's account—a very meagre one—subsequently given of her interview with her lover, backed by my own observation, I gathered that my fears had not been altogether unfounded.

From my position in the drive it had of course been impossible for me to reach the cottage before the Baronet, who had the advantage of riding, and I was therefore unable to explain to Margaret the cause of his delay, or give an account of what had happened, before the lovers met.

Consequently she was slightly offended at his tardiness, and, with the events of the morning pressed upon her mind, altogether in a rather irritable and overwrought condition.

Then Sir Duncan offended Miss Beverley by begging her—with the best possible intentions—to give him a full and minute account of all that had happened in the park, and questioned her so closely that his interest seemed to her mind, ignorant as she was of his interview with Mrs. Beverley, something like implied distrust, whereas the Baronet was only seeking to place himself in a position for more emphatically asserting her innocence.

When he declared his devotion to her and his complete faith in her innocence, and begged to be allowed to put both to the proof, she said she could not think of accepting his offer while such a cloud of sorrow and suspicion hung over her, or of allowing him to associate his name with that of a woman whom half the world would persist in thinking guilty of some terrible crime—perhaps even that of murder—until the facts were discovered.

She asked Sir Duncan to cease to think of her until her complete innocence was proved, but—and here I think Margaret's fortitude and resolution must have broken down a little, for her story grew slightly incoherent, and her face flushed vividly—I gathered that neither she nor Sir Duncan had continued quite so unhappy during the remainder of his visit. So possibly there was some hope.

But the night closed in drearily without news of Marthe, and it was terrible to think that one knew nothing of the child's fate.

Detectives, together with tenants on the estate, scoured the neighborhood, and Sir Duncan and Doctor Fairfax, who were active in organizing search parties, both paid us a visit during the evening, but only to report the failure of every effort.

About midnight we went to bed, although not to sleep, for there was nothing further to be done that night. Every one, except the police, who were closely watching the movements of the gipsies, returned to their homes.

CHAPTER V.

IT must have been past one o'clock when I put my writing aside and went to the window.

The night was frosty and clear, although there was no moon. I stood gazing in perplexity at the spot where Margaret said she had lost sight of the woman, for it seemed so impossible that any one could have emerged from that group of trees without being seen.

Suddenly I saw, standing a little apart from the rest, what I at first thought was a stunted tree which I had not previously noticed.

"How curiously many trees grow!" I thought. "The outline of that one is not unlike that of a human figure."

The thought had scarcely formed itself when the object began to move, and finally walked off at a sharp pace, proving it to be very human indeed.

Before I could call or summon Miss Beverley, the figure had disappeared in the darkness. Then I hurried to her room, but, to my dismay, she was not there.

What was I to do? Some one should be informed of the loitering figure in the park, and I must try and find Clarice's room.

I knew that since my advent she had slept in the ordinary servants' quarters in the large building, and I returned to my apartment to put on some warmer clothing than the light dressing gown in which I had been sitting over the fire.

In the meantime, where was Margaret? I began to feel the possible folly of my expedition, for perhaps my imagination and my fears had deceived me.

It might have been but a shadow that I had seen, and I should be arousing the house for nothing. However, I took my candle and started to try and find Clarice. I did not know my way very well, and of course took a wrong turning through one of those interminable dreary passages.

In trying to retrace my steps and decide which door I ought to pass through to reach the rooms inhabited by the women servants, I felt a sudden gust of colder air, and immediately afterwards saw Margaret approaching me carrying a small lamp.

The girl was fully dressed, and had thrown a cloak around her. We expressed mutual surprise, and naturally she was rather alarmed, as she had no reason to suppose me anywhere but in my bed.

"I am looking for the servants' rooms," I explained, and proceeded to tell her, in as few words as possible, the reason of my my being there.

"I think it must have been a delusion," she answered gravely; "but still, it would be as well to send out one of the men. I could not rest, and have been wandering round, looking and listening. It seemed to me that I heard the child crying somewhere, and I dared not go to bed."

Then we went together to rouse one of the servants, although I felt that it was of little use, as nearly an hour must have elapsed since I first saw the figure in the park.

"Perhaps," suggested Margaret, as we returned to our own quarters—"you saw the ghost. There used to be a tale that Dorothy Beverley 'walked' in the park at night—in the neighborhood, too, of that old elm; but the story died away, and I never thought of telling it to you."

About half an hour afterwards the footman, who had been despatched to the park—sorely against his inclination—returned to say that he could find no trace of a living soul—as might indeed have been expected.

In the morning, at about half-past ten, Clarice came to tell Miss Beverley that there was a man below who wished to speak with her privately. The maid's manner was full of mystery.

"Who is it, Clarice?" inquired Margaret. "I don't wish to see people who don't send in a name."

"It is no stranger, Mademoiselle," replied Clarice, glancing at me.

"You need not be reserved before Miss Meredith," said Margaret. "Speak out!"

"It is Lawson, Mademoiselle," answered Clarice, almost in a whisper.

"Lawson—my father's servant? Oh, where is he?"—and Margaret sprang eagerly to her feet.

"In the shrubbery, Mademoiselle," returned Clarice, a note of caution still in her voice. "He desires to speak with you, but he has no wish that his visit should be known to Madame. That which he has to say is of importance."

Margaret reflected for a moment.

"Tell him," she said at last—"to go down to the near plantation, and wait near the summer-house there. It will be the safer way," she added, turning to me. "Will you accompany me if I go and speak to this old servant of my father's? Is it asking too much?"

I consented, although I thought it would have been better to receive the man openly at the house. Both Miss Beverley and Clarice however seemed to be of a different opinion.

Half an hour later we started as if to walk to the village, but when out of range of the house windows, we branched off sharply to the right. Ten minutes' quick walking brought us to the plantation and the summer house.

Lawson was there awaiting us, and my first glance at him reassured me. He was an elderly man, and evidently belonged to the class of thoroughly respectable and trustworthy upper-servants.

"I hope, miss," he began, "that I may be pardoned for giving you this trouble, but I felt it to be of importance that the lady in the west wing should not know of my return to England, or that I was in communication with you."

"Yes, Lawson; I am too glad to see you to mind a quarter of an hour's walk. But tell me—have you anything of importance

to say? If so, you can speak before Miss Meredith, for she is my dear friend."

"Well, miss, you know I have been these last three years in one service. I left some six weeks ago, because my master intended traveling to Africa, and I didn't feel equal to accompanying him that far."

"Yes," replied Margaret, smiling; "I hear of your movements occasionally from Clarice."

Lawson looked rather confused as he continued—

"Before I came to England, miss, I thought as I'd like to visit the master's grave—for Mr. Beverley is always 'the master' in my mind—so I deviated slightly from my route, and called at Cloville."

Lawson's ultra refinement of diction was interesting, for it was evidently the result of some study and care.

"Yes," interjected Margaret.

"And, miss," the man added, "on leaving the cemetery, I had light refreshments at the hotel—the same hotel where three years ago Mr. Beverley was supposed to have died."

"Supposed!" exclaimed Margaret. "Good gracious, Lawson!"

"Yes, miss, I speak with intention; but I beg of you to keep as calm as may be under the circumstances. I say 'supposed,' because the person who died at Cloville, and was interred in the little cemetery there, was not, I was assured by the landlord of the hotel, and several other most dependable persons, more than thirty-eight years of age at the outside, and my dear master, as you very well know, was turned sixty."

I thought Margaret would have fallen, and I slipped my arm around her.

"Oh, Heaven," she murmured, "it can hardly be true! But, should it prove so, where is my father—where is he?"

I never before heard such anguish in any human voice.

"Now don't lose heart, miss—now don't!" Lawson implored, losing his mannerism in his earnestness. "That's just what we've got to do—to find out where the master is. For that what I have told you is gospel truth, I am thoroughly convinced, and I am prepared to find those as will swear to it.

"My father, and now Marthe!" murmured Margaret wearily.

"Yes," said Lawson, with sudden vehemence—"and it's my opinion that the same road'll find both. There's a meaning in little Miss Marthe's vanishing that neither you nor I quite wot of, so far. But, before you take any step—if you'll be so good as to allow me to advise—I should lay the state of the case before Mr. Remington. It's a matter to lay before a lawyer, and I'd be ready to repeat at any time I've told you, miss, to-day."

Mr. Remington was the family solicitor, who had written to me so strongly in praise of Margaret, and I felt that Lawson was correct in his counsel.

"But," I asked, speaking for the first time, "did you gain no further information? Who was this person of thirty-five or forty years of age? And did the true Mr. Beverley never arrive at Cloville at all?"

"Ah, miss, that is a practical question now!" responded Lawson. "I pursued my inquiries with a good deal of care, and found that an elderly gentleman, represented by Mrs. Beverly to be her father, formed one of the party at Cloville.

"He was an invalid, and said by her to be a little deranged and subject to delusions, but quite harmless. After the interment of the younger man, these two went away together, attended by the French maid who had been with them throughout, and had chiefly nursed the man who died.

"The name of this woman was Sophie Lacorde. In continuing my investigations, I went to Cannes. There I was remembered at the hotel, the principal himself having been friendly with me before the arrival of Madame, and having indeed helped me to a situation.

"He informed me," continued Lawson, "that a new valet had appeared to attend upon Mr. Beverley shortly after my departure, and that Madame's choice created considerable surprise, as the man appeared to be almost dying of heart-disease; from which you will remember Mr. Beverley also suffered, and which was said to have been the cause of his death. However, Madame gave out that she acted from charity, as Alphonse was the husband of Sophie, her maid.

"When the party left Cannes, the valet was undoubtedly very ill; but Mr. Beverley appeared stronger in body, although completely ruled by Sophie and Madame, of whom he seemed in great terror. Now, ladies, if you can put two and two together, you will, I have no doubt, see the facts of this villainous story as they appear to me."

Indeed, they seemed easy enough to understand so far, although the subsequent steps taken by Mrs. Beverley to secure the success of her plot remained hidden.

I saw that Margaret looked faint and exhausted, as though listening to much more would be beyond her strength; I also feared every moment that we should be discovered.

We therefore arranged hastily that a letter, appointing an interview with Mr. Remington, should be written immediately on our return to the house, and, as the lawyer lived in the market-town of D——, about six miles off, Lawson offered to be the bearer of the note, which Clarice would contrive to deliver into his hands. It was of course most important that Mrs. Beverley should gain no intelligence of what was going forward.

For the next few hours Miss Beverley remained in a state of nervous excitement, with which I found it very difficult to deal.

Every moment of inaction seemed terrible to her; and no sooner was the note to Mr. Remington, asking for an interview the following morning, written and dispatched by the aid of Clarice, than Margaret herself wanted to follow it in the pony carriage, a proceeding which, considering the lawyer's multifarious engagements, would have almost certainly been waste of time.

For my part, I made cautious inquiries as to the whereabouts of Sophie and Mrs. Beverley, feeling anxious to assure myself that our meeting with Lawson had not been observed.

To my relief, I learned that Mrs. Beverley, accompanied by her faithful maid, had gone out in the carriage, and had taken the road to the village.

Marthe's mother was supposed to be making inquiries about the missing child on her own account. Quiet therefore reigned at Beverley, broken only by a visit from Doctor Fairfax.

Margaret and I agreed to tell him Lawson's story. We were both disappointed at the quiet matter-of-fact way in which he received it.

He was evidently inclined to think that there was a hitch somewhere, and that the man's evidence would, on analysis, be found incomplete.

The great and very apparent difficulty was, of course, to say where Mr. Beverley was all this time, supposing he were not at rest in the cemetery at Cloville?

To abduct a child might be possible, but to spirit away a grown-up man for three years was quite another affair. It was more than likely that the landlord of the hotel at Cloville had been romancing. However, the matter must now of course be thoroughly sifted; and I noticed that Margaret's faith in Lawson's perspicacity was in no way shaken.

Before leaving, the Doctor took me aside and told me, with rather a grave face that he had seen Sir Duncan driving with Madame—"the witch," as he called her, the title of "Mrs. Beverley" he never granted her if he could avoid it.

He had first seen Sir Duncan riding, as he believed, on his way to Beverley, but half an hour later, from the windows of a cottage he was visiting, he had noticed the Beverley carriage drive rapidly by, and Sir Duncan was then seated beside Madame.

Then I described to the Doctor in a few words the scene I had witnessed in the drive the previous day, and owned to have deliberately played the part of eavesdropper. He did not seem greatly shocked at my good manners, but we both thought that matters looked ill for Margaret.

"It's a plot!" declared Doctor Fairfax. "As I'm alive, it's a plot; and I could believe anything of that woman—even Lawson's story. But I don't want that poor girl upstairs to build too much upon that."

We were talking then in the entrance-passage of the cottage, and when he took his leave it was only to go to luncheon and then return.

He said he was anxious about Margaret, and also particularly wished to be on the premises when Mrs. Beverley should come back from her expedition.

It was nearly four o'clock, and the afternoon was growing dusk, when we saw the carriage drive up to the entrance of the left wing. Mrs. Beverley descended first, then Sophie, who held in her arms what looked like a child.

"By Jove," cried the Doctor—"if I don't think so! Marthe, as I'm alive!"—and, with something like a laugh, he seized his hat and rushed away. "I'll be back in a quarter of an hour," he called from the doorway. "If Duncan comes, ask him in here and tell him to wait."

A few minutes afterwards Sir Duncan appeared, riding slowly. Without pretence or concealment about the matter, I went out boldly to meet him, and gave him the Doctor's message. Instinctively I felt that a battle was to be fought out that afternoon, and that we had no further need to hide our colors.

The Baronet accompanied me at once, although I saw Mrs. Beverley looking from one of the windows. Behind her, I felt sure, I could discern Doctor Fairfax's tall figure and broad shoulders.

"I suppose you know that Marthe is found?" queried Sir Duncan.

"I answered that I had gleaned that fact.

"To tell you the truth," he continued, "I am longing to see Margaret, and yet shrink from witnessing the pain she may have to endure. The child tells a most extraordinary story, which is in part corroborated by the old woman in whose house she was found, and to whom she was taken last night."

"Last night!" I exclaimed in amazement.

"Yes. But suppose we wait for full particulars until Doctor Fairfax comes. About half past twelve this morning, as I was riding here, I met Mrs. Beverley in her carriage, when she stopped and told me that she had a clue as to the whereabouts of her little girl.

"A woman, carrying a child, had been seen last night, or rather this morning, crossing the moor to a lonely cottage inhabited by an old person named Brown.

"This woman had already been visited during the previous day by the police and nothing discovered, consequently they had turned their attention elsewhere, and were watching the gipsies.

"Mrs. Beverley asked me if I would accompany her and see the end of the affair, and I consented. On account of certain things she had already said to me, I wished to be an eye-witness of anything that might occur."

Sir Duncan uttered the last sentence hurriedly, for we had reached the sitting-room door. I understood him better than I think he imagined; but the time had not arrived to enlighten Margaret. The Baronet was very tender and gentle to her in his greeting, and I went away and left them together.

I sat in solitude for some little time before I heard sounds which told me that Doctor Fairfax had returned, accompanied by Mrs. Beverley. I stood for a moment hesitating, with my hand upon my door, after they had entered the sitting-room.

I did not like to intrude unsummoned, and yet, for Margaret's sake, and—I must own it—on account of my own natural curiosity, I was anxious to be present at the scene which I guessed was about to follow.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EXTRAORDINARY.—Most extraordinary thing," said the man with the briarwood pipe, as he laid aside the newspaper.

"Don't believe it," returned the man with the cigar bluntly.

"But you don't know what it is," protested the man with the pipe.

"Doesn't make any difference," responded the man with the cigar. "I made the assertion on general principles, and what I know of human nature. We're all given to exaggeration in the use of adjectives. We say a thing is extraordinary when we only mean it is a trifle unusual. We say it is remarkable when there is very little in it to occasion remark. We merely use adjectives to call attention to something that we want to say, and not with any idea that they are really descriptive of it.

"But this is really extraordinary," asserted the man with the pipe.

"I'll bet it's something that's fairly common when you come right down to it;" said the man with the cigar aggressively.

The man with the pipe thought he'd like to take some such wager as that, and after the preliminaries he was called upon to relate the extraordinary tale.

"The exclamation," he explained, "was called forth by a reflection as to the present status of affairs between Mr. and Mrs. Dodleby. She was worth $100,000 when she married him three months ago, and now——"

The man with the cigar broke into the tale with a scornful laugh.

"Nothing extraordinary about it at all," he said, "nothing even unusual. Everyone knew how it would be when she accepted him. Possibly he's gone through it a little quicker than is generally the case, but there's nothing remarkable about that."

"But he hasn't gone through it," protested the man with the pipe.

"What?"

"I have it upon unimpeachable authority that she's worth just as much now as she was when she married him. He hasn't squandered a penny of her money."

The man with the cigar never said a word, but pushed his hand down into his pocket, and two or three minutes later the man with the pipe was richer by the amount of the wager.

DEPENDS ON THE FLOORING.—A manufacturer, in gossiping about the best ways of handling workmen, says that the nature of the floor of the shop has a great deal to do with the amount of work that is got out of the operative staff.

He was once struck by the difference in the apparent activity of two sets of men working on similar jobs at the vice in two rooms of a large shop. One set was in an old building, and the other in a place recently constructed.

In the former the men stood easily and naturally at their work, and showed no symptoms of hankering for a seat on the bench; while in the latter the men shifted their weight from one to the other, throwing one leg upon the bench at every opportunity, and showed evidence of foot fatigue.

The superintendent guessed that the difference was due to the floors upon which the two gangs were standing. In the old shop the floor was of wood, springy to a certain extent, and a poor conductor of heat. In the new shop it was of the most excellent concrete, an excellent conductor of heat from the feet of the workmen, and as unyielding as granite rock.

So the benches in the new shop were raised a couple of inches, and each man was given a platform of wood that rested on two cross pieces at the end and had a slight spring to it.

The foot weariness disappeared almost at once, and no further trouble was experienced. This seems to show that the prettiest floor is not always the most suitable for the work men.

THOSE BIG HITS.—"I suppose you, in common with thousands of other people, have often been struck with amazement on seeing a small man with no apparent muscular power making terrific hits on the baseball field," remarked a professional.

"You have wondered how it was done, no doubt crediting the player with the possession of enormous biceps.

"As a matter of fact, the ability to bring off big hits does not depend nearly so much on actual strength, as on the way in which the stroke is made.

"In boxing, as you probably are aware, a blow delivered with the arm only has not one-fifth the force of one in which the whole weight and impetus of the striker's body are employed, and in batting the same principle comes into operation. However strong a man may be in his arms, he will rarely make big hits unless he employs his body, and especially his legs.

"There is another and most important factor to be considered, and that is, when to hit. Sometimes, after delivering a tremendous swipe, you will find that the ball has only gone a disappointingly short distance: at another attempt, without any apparent effort, you would make a boundary hit.

"The explanation of this is, that there is just one moment in the swing of the bat when it attains its highest velocity, and should it meet the ball at this moment, the result is a great hit.

"The precise perception of this auspicious moment, which varies, of course, with the pitcher is called timing the ball, and even after long practice is extraordinarily difficult. A fraction of a second's delay is fatal.

"Good eyesight is absolutely indispensible for correct timing, and when you see a player, whose hitting is generally clean and true, tiring himself in his efforts to make the ball travel easily from his bat, you may, I think, safely conclude that there is something the matter with his eyes."

LOOK AT YOUR NAILS.—Pale, lead-colored nails indicate melancholy.

People with narrow nails are ambitious and quarrelsome.

Broad nails indicate a gentle, timid and bashful nature.

Lovers of knowledge and liberal sentiment have round nails.

Choleric, material men, delighting in war, have red and spotted nails.

Nails growing into the flesh at the points or sides indicate luxurious tastes.

People with very pale nails are subject to much infirmity of the flesh, and are liable to persecution by neighbors and friends.

THE man is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he who can suit his temper to his circumstances is more praiseworthy.

AGE.

BY SUSANNA J

Ah, do it kindly! 'Tis a holy task,
This gentle min'stry to the wants of Age.
And Youth no higher mission-work should ask
Than thus to light some lone one's pilgrimage.

Bear with their weakness, for thou knowest not
How great the burden of their day hath been—
What storms and tempests may have marked their lot—
Oh, let thy kindness make the end serene!

Think of the weariness that they must feel
After their many years, and strive to be
Gentle with them—so some young heart shall deal
In thy old age as tenderly with thee!

Missing.

BY L. E. W.

"WHAT'S become of the Linnet?" asked somebody, suddenly, one fine morning at the English Admiralty some fifty years ago. And nobody knew. Some said China, others the West Coast, others again the West Indies. But there was no finality in the guessing. And not until an old clerk in the Under Secretary's room happened to mention that his son was the Linnet's midshipman, that he had not been heard of for three years, and that his last letter was from Australia, was the clue found.

Then, presently, despatches, voluminous and complete, were forwarded to the colonial authorities at Sydney, Victoria, asking for information respecting Her Majesty's ship Linnet, one gun, 300 tons, Lieutenant-Commander Morrissey, etc., etc., supposed to be on duty somewhere on that station.

And in due course, which was a long course, because the overland telegraph was still an adventure to scoff at, came the reply to the effect that, a very long time ago, H. M. Schooner Linnet, 300 &c. &c., Lieutenant-Commander Morrissey, had, in obedience to orders from the Post Captain in charge of the station, and since deceased, sailed away on patrol duty amongst the South Sea Islands.

Of late nothing had been heard of the schooner. But the authorities had every reason to believe that she was still at her post.

They also took the liberty of pointing out that, in view of the recent grave Russian complications, and the fact of the only warship having recently sailed for home, the Linnet was quite inadequate to the task of protecting British interests in the South Pacific.

The Home Naval authorities were satisfied with this. They had placed the missing vessel. Also they promised that, in the spring, two new ships should be stationed in Australian waters.

* * * * * *

Meanwhile, in the snug harbor of Suvalla, the largest island of a group of four known as The Padrones, in the South Pacific, lay H. M. S. Linnet.

But you would never have taken her for what she was. Her sides were worn and weather-beaten; long tears of iron rust trickled down them, and everywhere showed unsightly patches of the first priming-coat of lead-colored paint in place of the original delicate creamy white.

Instead of Europe rope, half her running rigging was coir, brown and frizzy, and the standing gear showed grievously for lack of tar. Many of her ratlines were gone, and their places filled by strips of bamboo. Her sails, loosed to dry and half-sheeted home, showed great patches, more fit for a country collier than a British ship o' war, be she ever so small.

Everywhere about her hung a curious look of decay and drought, and barbarism accentuated instead of relieved by a festoon of shells and sharks' teeth hanging round the neck of the once smartly gilded figurehead. Looking over the side, deep down through the clear water, you saw, in place of bright copper, barnacles and weeds.

Her crew were well in keeping; for, if the ship's stores had run out, so evidently had the slop chest. For'ard, the men were in every variety of rig; and with their broad-leafed palm hats, made to the individual wearer's fancy, their trousers and jumpers of cheap and gaudy trade prints, and shark-skin belts ornamented with native work, they looked far more like pirates than the regulation British Jack.

Nor did the presence amongst them of the many flower-decked brown maidens, who evidently had the run of the ship, lessen the resemblance.

Aft, in hammocks under the sun-blanched awning, swung Morrissey and his lieutenant, whilst a number of native belles sat on the skylight chatting to a small midshipman who, in an undress uniform of brown calico and grass-woven hat, lay on a rug smoking a huge cigar of his own manufacture.

To seaward gleamed, white as snow, the long round of surf as it broke with subdued murmur on the circling reef; above the sky was like sapphire, and all around the water gleamed still and placid, and in color of the tender blue of the forget-me-not; in the background, the rounded mountains of the island, clothed in vivid greenery, sloped softly to the edge of the long stretch of dazzling white beach. From somewhere in the hills came the sound of falling waters; the air was full of the fragrance of flowers.

Presently, from a boat which had pulled off from the beach, stepped a tall, bronzed, clean-shaven man, dressed in spotless duck from head to foot. This was Silas B. Kegg, the owner of the white coral-built trading station which flashed out of the great clump of purple hibiscus that little Thompson, the midshipman, had once fancifully compared to a stain of blood on the even greenery of palm and breadfruit trees.

"I reckon, now, Cap," said the visitor without any ceremony, as he leaned against the clews of Morrissey's hammock, "as we'll have trouble directly. I don't like the free an' easy way these savages is carrin' on lately. That's a fact. You'd think the store yonder belongs to 'em. Likewise this ship o' yourn. You don't burn powder enough. Look at 'em now."

The Commander turned his head slowly till, under the dip of the awning, he could see right for'ard. A whole crowd of natives, male and female, had so closed in the Linnet's seamen that nothing was to be seen of them.

Another mob was sitting in a row all along the forty-two pounder that day, its white paint peeled off in patches, on its turn table just for'ard of the foremast.

These, flower decked, laughed and screamed in childish gaiety as they pushed each other off the muzzle of the gun. Others, again, were aloft in the fore-rigging, apparently playing at follow-my-leader. A harmless race, surely, and one full of mirth!

But the trader shook his head as he gazed. His dealings with the Linnet and her people had been profitable. And he hoped for more profit still. Also, he was afraid for his own skin, and wished to inoculate the others. Also, he knew the islands, and has seen curious matters happen in them.

"Bah!" said Morrissey, after a long look, "they know we can bite if we like. It's only the mice larking with the lion. Although, to tell the truth, Kegg, we're getting so mouldy and worn that I'm almost afraid to fire the gun. Last practice over at the Mailcobo brought showers of dry-rot stuff from aloft about our ears. None of our spars would stand a heavy blow. Besides our ammunition is giving out both for small arms and the guns. And as for provisions—well our little bill will tell its own tale when it comes to pay day. Our commission's up over a year now. They've clean forgotten us, and we'll be left here till we become like them ourselves, and live on cassava and pork!" And the commander yawned and turned in his hammock.

"No, no, Cap," replied Kegg, with a twinkle in his eye. "Not so bad as that. I've got a boat under charter, nearly due from Yap, in the Carolines. Bottled ale, champagne, the chycest o' tinned stuffs, an' the whitest o' flour, not to mention a few barrels o' gunpowder. She ought to show up pretty slick with this southerly."

"More promissory notes!" groaned the Commander.

"John Bull's name's good enough for me," replied Silas. "You kin take the hull cargo on them terms. But," he continued, as he stepped towards the gangway, "mind a fool's advice, Cap, an' keep your eye liftin' on them natives, an' specially on Mister Tuifalu. He's watchin' on us now as sharp as a shark arter a piccaninny. Send a roun' shot or two ashore, Cap, just for fun like—knock over a few o' their cocoa-palms, and pay for 'em.

"They're just bustin' full o' pure cussedness, spite o' their larfin', an' flowers, an' singin'. Well, so long! I ain't none too comfortable myself; an' copra's a thing o' the past. But, you see, I allus keep my guns handy." And he patted a couple of holsters, one on each hip, from which protruded the butts of two enormous Colts.

"Anything in it, d'ye think, Bramble?" asked Morrissey, after a long pause, turning languidly to his lieutenant. For answer the latter sent little Thompson to call the boatswain, who presently appeared, with flowers in his rough grey hair, remnants of a hurriedly discarded garland.

"Danger from the islanders, sir!" said he, in reply to his superior's questions. "Why, they're for all the world like a lot o' kids, an' as much 'arm in 'em! If 't were Tanna, now, or San Christoval, it might be different. But we've been here a solid month an' never seen nothin' wrong. Besides, it ain't likely, sir, as a scum o' that kind ud tackle a British man o' war!"

Morrissey laughed, so did Bramble, so did the solitary midshipman who was lying back eating bananas almost as fast as the two brown girls could skin them and put them in his mouth.

As Hicks (which was the boatswain's name) finished sniggering in respectful sympathy, a sound of shooting reached them from shoreward. Abreast of the white house, backed by the patch of scarlet, in the bright sunlight stood a man whose extended arms flashed forth fire and smoke into a crowd of natives, between whom and the trader (for it was he) so thickly flew the spears that they seemed but one continuous mass.

Suddenly they saw him fall to his knees, the firing ceased, and it was as if a brown wave had rolled over the spot.

With a roar the boatswain sprang forward, only to be met at the break of the little poop by Tuifalu and cleft so cleanly by a single blow from a nine pound American axe that a half of his head fell sideways on to each shoulder.

For a full minute he stood upright, then, slowly, his legs gave way and he doubled up all in a heap over the port harness-cask—the one the salt pork was kept in.

Almost simultaneously the thirty men who composed the crew, and who were almost all on deck, were butchered. Those below speedily shared the same fate. The scuppers ran blood.

In the words of Tuifalu (much later on): "The sea was red, and the ship was red. Red was everything in our sight, yea, even the very air we breathed was red. A great slaughter, a very great slaughter of white men, the like of which was never known in the world before."

Meanwhile, after the first, long wild stare of despairing incredulity, and one solitary exclamation of "My God!" from Morrissey, the three turned to fly down the companion-way.

But the doom of the unprepared in those lands, even to the present day, was upon them. At the sound of the first shot the two native women had sprung on to the awning and rapidly cut the stops and earrings; so that, before the three officers could reach the door, down came the big heavy spread of stout canvas right on the top of them.

Yelling like fiends, the Children of Treachery rushed aft, stabbing frantically with their spears, and beating with their shark-toothed swords at the sharply outlined bodies beneath until the bleached canvas began to show great patches of red, and all movement ceased.

* * * * *

To the Westward, beyond the ever-sounding circle of the surf glowing rosy in the rays of the lowering sun, that same evening there hove in sight a small schooner making direct for the entrance in the reef.

Then Tuifalu's brains went to work again in savage-wise; and, very quickly, the awning was re-spread, all signs of confusion cleared away, and sundry bodies placed in position about the decks, some apparently watching the approaching vessel as they leant over the bulwarks, one sitting on the rail with a fishing-line between his fingers; and, aft, they propped poor Morrissey against the hood of the companion, and put his telescope under his arm, as they had seen him stand many a time.

Nor ashore were they idle; whilst some beat welcoming tom-toms, others ran the Stars and Stripes up to the top of the flagstaff that stood before the dead trader's house. Ruddier than ever in the sunset glowed the scarlet hibiscus. And as the Yap schooner drew slowly in and let go her anchor, they set off with songs and flowers and boarded her.

Rendered totally unsuspicious by the presence of the Linnet, they found the little fore-and-after an easy conquest. The Upolu men who comprised the crew at once took to the water and were killed there. The two whites, skipper and mate, were cut down on the quarterdeck.

Here, indeed, was an embarrassment of riches, and the whole Group was in a ferment of pleasurable excitement. Two ships full of untold treasure and as much "long pig" as would furnish quite a week of ceaseless feasting!

But old Tuifalu was not altogether easy in his mind. Once, when only a stripling, he remembered the people had killed and eaten a white trader—a man like this last one—and thought no more about it. Then, one fine morning, a big, a very big, canoe appeared and vomited fire and smoke, and things that screamed as they flew, and when they burst smashed huts and canoes and plantations.

Certainly, only a few very old people were killed, because the whole tribe fell inland. But it was not pleasant, on returning, to find their village in ashes, canoes in splinters, and the whole of the season's crops ruined.

There was, he recollected, much argument over the matter. "The anger of the gods," at last said the priests who lived in the temple where, row upon row, shone the long array of polished boar's tusks. But even then Tuifalu had doubts.

He doubted more when he saw the Linnet, and heard the big gun fired. Weeks of close communion with the whites had taught him a great deal. As we have seen, he profited—and the big gun had been dumb so long!

Also, where was the other big canoe—the one of many moons agone? Might it not return at any minute with guns that were not dumb? Therefore Tuifalu stopped the feasting and prepared to get rid of the two vessels, casting uneasy glances the while seaward.

The Yap schooner, after taking out most of her cargo, he ran ashore and set fire to. And as the people watched her burning she blew to atoms, and a few were killed and many grievously wounded.

Kegg's powder had, in some sort, worked a revenge. "The anger of the gods," said the wise men again. But Tuifalu knew better. It, however, effectually stopped him from serving the Linnet in the same fashion. Otherwise he would have burnt her where she lay. As it was, he concluded to tow her round to a secluded inlet that he knew of, and there gradually break her up.

One matter puzzled him. It was, how to weigh her anchor. The Yap schooner's ground tackle had been merely a coir hawser. One can cut the like easily; but not a heavy chain cable.

So Tuifalu had to work his brains once more. First he tried fair pulling; but the whole strength of the Group, or of as many as could get hold, was unable to move the anchor. He and his had twice seen the sailors—those men now dead and digested—walking round a flat-topped thing to the sound of music until the big iron hook came up from the sea-bottom. Was it the music or the walking round and round? Tuifalu pondered the matter deeply. And the result was that, one day, shipping the bars, and seating himself on top of the capstan with an instrument made out of one of Morrissey's thigh bones, he struck up, whilst his naked cannibals ran merrily round and round to the clank of the pawls and the barbarous squeaking of the savage flute.

But alas! the great hook, fast in its coral bed below there, gave no sign of ascending. The necessity of taking the cable to the capstan before commencing operations had never been explained to the untutored ones.

But the old chief was bad to beat, and, presently seeing the futility of the thing, he began to pay out chain instead of trying to get it in, with the result that the man-o'-war schooner nearly drifted into surf with the set of the ebb-tide.

So crowded were her decks and rigging and yards with curious spectators that she looked more like a huge mass of bees blown out to sea at swarming time than a ship.

And as this great floating mass lay just in front of the gap in the reef, with 100 fathoms of chain surging and grating behind her over sea-bottom hills and gullies, suddenly came on to blow the Nor'wester as it always blows at Suvalla—first a few premonitory puffs roaring hollow down the green declivities of the island, and then a wild swoop of wind that bends the palms and shakes their stately heads like plumes on a jolting hearse.

It caught the Linnet and filled her topsail and topgallantsail, bellying them out to the full slack of their loose sheets, it filled the big foresail, making it strain and tear and jerk aloft tack and sheet blocks, and bring them crashing and rattling down

on the nadves' heads, and heeling the Linnet over till the water foamed across the main hatch, slewing her head round till it pointed straight for the entrance in the reef, against which the surf now broke in thunder.

Then, somewhere in the great length of chain dragging across the coral, the inevitable weakest link snapped, the yards braced themselves to the wind, and, like a racer, the Linnet, black with her swarms of yelling cannibals, darted through the gap and reeled away into the fiery heat of the sun.

And as the sun set, the wind blew stronger and more strongly, and the Linnet, with all her canvas for'ard, struggled and staggered through the fast-rising sea and the darkness, her shaky spars creaking and working, spray and spindrift hissing over her decks, where, to make standing room even, so crowded they were, the stronger fought with the weak and hurled them overboard—women and children first. And on top of the combatants came down those who had been aloft, so that, as soon as ever a little space was made, the struggle commenced again—this time, as Tuifalu remarked later, "truly the anger of the gods!"

* * * * * *

In due course—which meant, in this case, twelve months—a big man-o'-war, with many men and guns, came along with Admiralty orders to find the Linnet, and pay her men off, and lay her up. But she was always laid up, and for weeks the newcomer searched for her missing sister, learning no tidings—only vague lies and legends, out of which nothing could be made, sending her hither and thither on wild-goose chases. So at last the big ship relinquished her quest and left, her captain wishing to spend the hot months in Hobart Town.

Twice twelve months; and one day a labor vessel, cruising speculatively, happened to visit a certain islet which stands quite solitary amidst a thousand leagues of ocean, and almost exactly on the Line. On the Admiralty charts you may now see it marked as Lonely Line. From only a few miles away so low is it as to appear merely a clump of tall greenery growing out of the water, and there is no encircling reef.

Presently, as the boat's crew of the black-birder landed, straggling about, all at once, in the midst of the thick bush, they came on a sort of natural dry dock, formed by a deep depression in the rock. And in it, nearly upright, lay the wreck of a vessel with only her lower masts standing. Flakes of rotten timber had fallen from her sides, and out of the rents grew purple fungi and tall coarse grasses.

Through the upper deck planking a young palm had thrust its way, growing until the tender green fronds shaded a mass of rusty iron that, only prevented falling into the hold by the stout stringers of her turntable, gaped all awry at the graceful arch overhead.

As the seamen moved about, full of curiosity, they became aware of many skeletons scattered around amidst a store of native weapons.

And one, venturing on to the quaking deck, and wrenching off the bell from its woodwork, and bringing it away, discovered thereon, after some cleansing, the inscription, H. M. S. Linnet, with the date of her building, a year which no man there could look back to, for she was a very old ship.

And as they marvelled amongst themselves, having by this, like most wanderers about the Pacific Islands, heard of the mystery of the total disappearance of the Queen's ship, out from the thick brush, on all fours, crawled, mother-naked, an old man, very feeble, and whose hair and beard were snow white. It was Tuifalu. And after they got him on board he lived just long enough to tell the story that I have here set down; and of how at last, after being driven during four days and nights before a raging hurricane, the Linnet was cast high and dry by a big wave upon the little island with only thirty survivors of the great crowd she had borne away with her; of how, her boats being all gone, these had made a raft and three times attempted in vain to leave the island, a storm arising each time and blowing them back again; and of how they fought, and killed, and fed on one another; and of how, after many moons, by reason of his greater cunning, Tuifalu was left alone, existing since, as best he might, on fruit and fish.

* * * * * *

"Missing," tersely says the Navy List of that day opposite the Linnet's name—"Missing. No information."

"This time, truly, by the anger of the gods!" said Tuifalu, with his last breath, having finished his story.

TOURISTS AND THEIR REASONS.

To all countries under the sun where peace prevails that special species of traveling known as "globe-trotting" is yearly on the increase. Last season one firm of tour promoters alone issued nearly five and a half million tickets for independent travel abroad.

Naturally, the vast majority of these wanderers are on pleasure bent, whilst an unfortunate minority are invalids seeking, in change of scene and climate, restoration of their shattered health.

But, beyond these more important classes, a number of voyagers are driven to travel from quite other reasons, and some of such causes are sufficiently out-of-the-way to merit notice.

Amongst rich people a trip round the world is a favorite prescription in cases of disappointed love. Many a so called broken-hearted girl or young fellow has found in travel the magic balm that heals the supposed cardiac fracture.

"Besides which," remarked an excursion arranger to the writer, "you would be surprised to learn how often meetings that result in marriages come about through our agency.

"We had a gentleman and his wife here only this very morning inquiring about a trip to the Adriatic, and the husband explained: 'It may interest you to know that I met my wife at Genoa when doing your Italian trip five years ago.' And such instances are constantly cropping up."

The "tips" palpably expected and often tacitly demanded by porters, butlers, and other renderers of paid services, "got on the nerves," so to speak, of an elderly gentleman of independent income, who, after a while, resolved upon a veritable crusade against the pernicious system of "backsheesh," in any shape or form.

To him it occurred that the best method of showing up the entire business would be to make a tour of many countries, and, studying the "tipping" question in each, to publish a book which would conclusively prove that the whole world was groaning under the tax of extortion put upon it by its menials.

Full of determination, he set out by a luxurious route, and for some weeks did busily fill his note book with material to be used in the great work. Ere long, however, he discovered that such daily labor interfered seriously with the pleasure of travel. He resolved to dispense with his diurnal jottings, and to rely more upon a general resume of his experiences when he got home again.

As a matter of fact, the sole literary result of a very comfortable expedition was the issuing to his friends of a small booklet bearing some such genial title as "Happy days in Many Lands."

Finding himself placed suddenly, by the death of a relative, in a position of affluence an individual who had hitherto had to work somewhat hard to support himself resolved to marry. He was of a wary nature.

This was an important step, and how to find the very best wife was a poser. Might not a lady hailing from some other country be more likely to prove an ideal life-long companion even than his own countrywoman? One person told the anxious inquirer one thing, and the next adviser prescribed something quite different.

So, having the wealth, the prospective husband resolved to go and study the characteristics of the people of half a dozen lands for himself, and choose a wife of the most promising nationality. Elaborate preparations were made for the expedition, and an expensive through-ticket taken.

Having gone to this considerable outlay, the voyager promptly fell in love with a stewardess on the first vessel that carried him, and with her visited her relations during the short time that the terms of his passage allowed him to remain.

He then hurried over his trip as fast as possible, and came back and married the girl, whose picture had been before his eyes in all the lands he passed through.

Extreme nervousness is an affliction which globe-trotting is said frequently to cure. The man or woman who spends a big part of his or her time in trains and in steamboats, seeing sights and living in hotels, is hardly likely to be able to secure that seclusion which their sensitiveness urges them to seek after. And, rubbing shoulders with the rest of the world, they get broader views, look around and not merely within, and become sociable, genial beings.

Extremes met in the case of two individuals who each spent some eighteen months in scouring the face of the earth. One was on the look-out for the most beautiful and enjoyable country in which to take up his residence; the other, the victim of a liver, was, he declared, seeking for a convenient spot in which to end his days. The two met during a donkey ride in Egypt, discovered that they came from the same town, and agreed to continue their journey together.

The companionship proved so successful that the morbid wanderer forgot all about the site for his grave. The two returned together to their native shores, and were soon engaged in extolling the delights of friendship and expatiating on the truth of the old adage that there is no place like home.

Globe-trotting for advertising purposes has, more particularly during the last season or two, been frequently, and by this time perhaps quite adequately exploited. Enterprising individuals, usually under promise of ample reimbursement, have put girdles round our planet by encircling it on foot or a-wheel. More than one traveller is at present out on such an expedition; and a lady cyclist has recently started in the interest of an illustrated journal to ride through Europe.

Some few seasons back, the proprietor of a big perfumery business went round the world with his wife, taking over two years on the trip, for the purpose of making known his specialty to every people under the sun. And a New Yorker possessed of great wealth and a dislike of vegetating in one place, not long since sold up his house and started to explore the world. In expressive phrase, he declared his intention of roving round and round the globe "till I'm giddy."

SHE KNEW HIM.—"I hate children," he said.

"Why?"

"I think they ought to be locked up in asylums till they're old enough to take care of themselves. If it hadn't been for a child—well, it might have been——"

"What?"

"I loved the child's mother. She was a rich and beautiful widow, and I was madly in love with her. I was actually contemplating—in fact, I had just got to the point of putting the delicate question. We were in the drawing-room. The child was playing in the corner. Forgetting all about that I put my arms fervently round the widow's waist and implanted a passionate kiss upon her lips, when the child started up again and rushed at me, saying, 'Don't you kill my mamma!' and ran screaming into the kitchen, calling for the servants."

"That didn't have——"

"What, marry a widow with a child like that? But the worst came a few nights after. I called at the house. There were several ladies there, and the child was being petted all round. Of course the widow was all right, but that confounded child deliberately turned her back upon me. I didn't mind that; but the mother, to be nice, said: 'My darling child, don't you know Mr. X?' 'Oh, yes,' said the imp, very pertly, 'oh, yes, I know you. You are the man that bited my mamma!' I need not—could not—describe the effect."

THE DRUGGIST.—"I noticed," said the druggist to his assistant, "that a gentleman came in with a prescription, and that you took it and gave him the stuff in about three minutes. What do you mean by that?"

"It was only a little carbolic acid and water," replied the assistant. "I simply had to pour a few drachms of acid into the bottle and fill it up with water."

"Never mind if you had only to do that," the druggist declared. "Don't you know that every prescription must take at least half an hour to put up, or the customer will think he isn't getting anything for his money? When a prescription for salt-and-water or peppermint and cough-syrup is handed to you, you must look at it doubtfully, as if it were very hard to make up. Then you must bring it to me and we will both read it and shake our heads. After that, you go back to the customer and ask him if he wants it to-day. When he says he does, you answer that you will make a special effort. Now a patient appreciates a prescription that he's had so much trouble over, and, when he takes it, he derives some benefit from it. But don't you do any more of that three-minute-prescription business, my boy, if you want to become a first class druggist."

Scientific and Useful.

LAMP IMPROVEMENT.—A new German lamp chimney has the bulb in the upper instead of the bottom part, and the upper rim is cut obliquely. It is claimed that this shape makes it safer to blow out the light, while the flame is improved by being made taller and steadier.

A FLEXIBLE GLASS.—A new and wonderful substitute for common brittle glass is announced by a Vienna journal devoted to the glass and porcelain trade. The substitute is said to have all the properties of common glass, except that it is flexible. It is made of collodian wool.

ELECTRIC LAMPS.—A new electric lamp for bicycles and carriages has a small electro-magnet which is turned to generate electricity by a friction wheel pressing against the side of the front tire, wires running to a small storage battery or else directly to the lamp, which is surrounded by a case to keep out the dust.

UMBRELLA STAND.—An ingenious device, which consists of a bunch of short tubes, and which may be fastened into the throat of a cuspidor, has been invented for the purpose of converting the latter into an umbrella stand. This would provide a convenient way of collecting the water which drips from umbrellas as people come in from the storm. In pleasant weather the holder can be removed, and the cuspidor devoted exclusively to its own proper use.

CORK.—Cork is one of the most difficult of substances to pulverize, because its elasticity prevents crushing, and it quickly dulls the edge of a knife. The only method found thus far for powdering it is by means of a machine in which it is torn apart on saw-toothed bars. Even these need frequent sharpening. The powdered cork is very light, remains in the air for a long time, and when in this condition is extremely explosive. One who has handled it states that dynamite is much safer to handle in bulk than is ground cork.

Farm and Garden.

GRAIN.—Grain grown continuously on the same land will recover only about one-third of the fertilizer applied; but if crops are grown in rotation, including grain, roots and clover, all of the fertilizer will be recovered.

FEEDING.—The business of stock feeding has never yet been overdone. Home production of food and the feeding of it to good stock is a remunerative branch of agriculture, and one who follows it steadily and intelligently rarely has reason to complain that his calling does not pay.

TIRES AND ROADS.—Broad tires and good roads fitly belong together. Narrow tires, heavy loads and wet weather will ruin the best dirt roads that may be constructed. On the farm broad tires should be used on wagons that bear heavy burdens. Roads and fields have been badly cut up by narrow tires.

PLENTY OF STRINGS.—The farmer who produces oats, wheat, barley, corn, buckwheat, hay, clover seed, potatoes, apples, honey, butter, eggs, poultry, wool, mutton, beef, pork, beans and sorghum has a good many strings to his bow, and it would be an extreme condition of things that would make him hard up.

THUS THE GROUND BREATHES.—Some experimenters have lately brought out interesting facts about the circulation of air in the soil. It appears that considerable oxygen is absorbed by the roots of the plants, and the supply of this oxygen is maintained by air penetrating through the minute interstices of the soil. When the ground is covered with water, or when the molecules, or grains, of soil are dissolved in water and packed into an immense mass, then air cannot circulate below the surface, and vegetation suffers. The experiments referred to show that lime or salt in the soil solidifies the earthly molecules and prevent their being dissolved and packed by the action of water; hence the importance of lime in keeping the ground open and permeable for the circulation of both air and water.

My little girl, Julia, was taken with a Cough, and at times was prostrated with fever. I began administering small doses of Jayne's Expectorant. Every time it gave relief and did its work satisfactorily. —(Mrs.) E. N. WALLERIUS, Vermillion, Minn., Nov. 13, 1886.

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On Making Money.

The theory that the possession of money is necessarily a demoralizing influence was doubtless invented and has been sustained by poor men as a consolation for not being able to add to their incomes. Many philosophers, it is true, have arrived at a somewhat similar view; but most philosophers are poor, and they notoriously state half-truths. If the theory were a correct one, virtue would be in the ascendant in the lowest classes of society, and would become weaker and weaker as one traveled up the social scale until it reached the vanishing-point in our few millionaires. Yet this is hardly a safe conclusion.

The case for and against money seems to stand in need of being restated. That there is a case against it is certain, and it is here that the philosophers come in, though they have made their theories too general. But there is equally a case for the possession of money, and a very strong case it is. It is only natural that a broad condemnation of money-making should be fairly popular, seeing that so few of us have a reasonable opportunity of acquiring even a moderate amount of wealth. Yet, in spite of our finest pronouncements, there is not one of us who would not welcome an increase of income. A "rise" is a source of the liveliest satisfaction, and, though we may argue that we are no "better off" after than before such an increment—in the sense that our balance at the end of the year is no greater than it was before—we derived an additional interest in life.

There is possibly no direct ratio between income and happiness. But, while we may take this as a general fact, money, after all, is a possession to be reasonably desired. That we do desire it may be taken for granted; yet we often endeavor to conceal the desire, and sometimes even to repress it. The key-note to the situation is to be found in the fact that money means opportunity and ability to follow one's natural instincts. Poverty we may dismiss in a word as being more demoralizing even than wealth "beyond the dreams of avarice." But it is the middle state we wish to consider—the medium income, where bread-and-cheese does not fail us, but where ducks and apple-sauce are less familiar.

We need to ask ourselves sometimes if the struggle for riches that we all take part in—some openly, some covertly—is a vain delusion—whether we are pursuing a Will-o'-the-wisp in trying as we do constantly to weighten our purse. Not perhaps that it makes much difference in our aims. We may preach the deceitfulness of riches, yet never dream of refusing them when they come our way. But none the less it eases the conscience to feel that we are not following a pursuit which is an unworthy one; and, if, without special pleading, we can demonstrate to ourselves that the desire—we will not say the greed—for wealth is justifiable, it must add to the satisfaction of an existence in which the making of money plays a not insignificant part.

There are two points of view from which the influence of money must be considered—the possession of it and the making of it. And undoubtedly there is a marked difference between the two. The possessor of inherited wealth must of necessity view life from a different standpoint from him who, starting with no capital but his education, has to acquire by diligence—or sometimes, let us say, by good luck—the money which is to provide him with necessaries and luxuries. The possessor of money, the man born with an assured position, is a man who can, if his instincts so guide him, view life with a calm philosophic air. He can cultivate to its full the refinement that is within reach of a leisured existence. He can develop his best qualities, both physical and mental, without being dragged aside into a groove dug out for him against his inclinations. He can follow the attractive beckoning fingers of art or literature or science. He can woo all the Muses and tread all the pleasant paths of dalliance that wealth opens to him. Nor need he become effeminate under the influence of these pursuits. He may interest himself in public affairs, and may find much to occupy him wisely in the management of his own estate or income.

It is a mistake to regard leisure as synonymous with idleness. That the first may lead to the second is obvious, and there are plenty of instances to be noticed on all hands. But in an ideal state a leisured existence opens the way to the highest flights in all directions, and indeed a leisured race living in times of good moral and social tone may produce the highest types of manhood. We do not say, of course, that leisure leads of necessity to high types of character. So many outside influences are at work, so many sirens beckon a man away from the best paths, that the opportunity for both good and evil is too often accepted for the latter end. But we do wish to insist upon the fact that the possession of money is the possession of power, and that this is a grand thing for those who know how to use it well.

But let us take the ordinary man—the man of fair education, who is given a reasonable start in life. How does money-making affect him? Are we to warn him against the pursuit of riches lest they tend to turn an otherwise blameless life into a career of viciousness and profligacy? Are we to counsel him that his only chance of a happy useful existence lies in accepting his position of limited means with cheerfulness, and in acknowledging that money means ruin? This is no doubt an exaggerated rendering of the view that is taken by many people with regard to money, but it serves to represent the view.

We should incline, on the other hand, to say that it is one of the duties of a man to do his best to make money by honorable honest means. It is not his first duty. If he makes it that, then does he court disaster and a miserable discontented old age. If the world speaks to him of nothing but money, if he delights simply in the chink of gold and the rustle of bank notes, he has selected a course of life that is not only unworthy but full of disappointment. But, if he wishes to raise his standard of comfort—if he wishes to protect his wife against the difficulties she might have to encounter in the case of his premature death—if he wishes to be able to give his children a good start in life—if he wishes to learn something of the cultured walks of life that are so often closed against an empty purse—then he has abundant justification for outlets for his energy which shall bring him in a return in money. The artist does not deteriorate in his work because he has a well-furnished house and a liveried servant, or, if he does, he is not a true artist.

To tread on a thick pile carpet has for most people something of a refining influence, just as a boy is usually more subdued and tractable in a new suit of clothes. To look to poverty to produce what is good in man is like enforcing virtue at the point of the bayonet. You obtain a result, but it is at the expense of motive. The possession of money enlarges the sphere of vision. A debased man will perhaps be more debased when he has wealth at his disposal; but we do not support the doctrine that most men are by nature vile. There is an abundance of good in human nature, and, the more opportunities that are given for the employment of good, the finer the results are likely to be. And the refining influence of a life that knows something beyond the barest necessities is generally to be reckoned upon.

THERE are persons so akin in mind and heart that by a word or look they can reveal themselves each to the other. Others are cast in such different moulds that no effort, however laborious and earnest, could produce mutual comprehension, much less responsive sympathy. All of us have experienced enough of this difficulty to know that sometimes silence is less misleading than speech, and in such cases a wise reserve is all we can fall back upon.

CONFIDENCE is everything between husband and wife; and a woman who loves desires above all things to be trusted. She would not be glad when her husband is sad. She would not be ignorant of his troubles or his anxieties. Anything is better to her than to be shut out from the innermost of the life of one who should be all hers as she is all his.

THE sympathy and good feeling which create a desire for the pleasure and well-being of others will not only prompt us to exert our faculties in their behalf whenever it is possible, but will also lead us as willingly to restrain those very faculties, when they may be the means of wounding or discouraging or wearing any whose attention we claim.

WE are ruined, not by what we really want, but by what we think we want; therefore never go abroad in search of your wants. If they be real wants, they will come home in search of you; for he who buys what he does not want will soon want what he cannot buy.

NONE of our natural desires are in themselves evil; but they all need wisdom and firmness to control, to guide, and to grade them. To make the best also the most powerful is the secret of all moral progress. To bring this about no factor is so efficient as conduct.

LET your friendships form themselves on the simple intercourse of every-day life, do not hurry into them, but, when you have made them, do your best to keep them.

WE should manage our fortune as we do our health—enjoy it when good, be patient when it is bad, and never apply violent remedies except in an extreme necessity.

THERE are many who traverse the world in pursuit of happiness; but it is within the reach of every man—a contented mind confers it.

Correspondence.

L. C.—To make modelling clay knead dry clay with glycerine instead of water. This renders the mass moist and plastic for some time, and greatly facilitates the work of the modeller.

SOLUTION.—Cut off all the outer and dark parts of the gutta-percha, and put them aside. Place the inner parts in thin slips in a small quantity of benzol, and allow them to remain in a warm place for two or three days, occasionally shaking the bottle.

AUSTIN.—The crowns of England and Scotland were united in 1603. The union of Great Britain and Ireland was not consummated until 1801. The Queen is crowned as "Queen of Great Britain and Ireland"—Ireland being governed locally by a "Lord Lieutenant."

L. D. D.—James K. Paulding, in conjunction with his brother-in-law, William Irving, and with Washington Irving, produced the series of "Salmagundi" papers, which terminated with the twentieth number, June 25, 1808; and as no division of the contributions was attempted, they were afterwards incorporated in Washington Irving's works.

SNOWDROP.—A young lady who affects to be "fast," deals in semi-slang, dresses loud," and is always running about, would not be apt to make a good wife. Nothing wears so well in woman, or so much endears her to man, as modesty and goodness of heart: and there are few things more repellent to a man of good sense and refinement than a vulgar woman.

TERESE.—Tout a vous signifies literally "to you, everything;" con amore, "with love;" mon ami, "my friend;" revera, "really," "indeed;" fideliter, "faithfully." In its strongest sense; ma chere is the feminine form of "my dear," and charmante means "charming" or "delightful." This is a collection of French, Italian, and Latin words, intended to express fervid love for the object addressed.

J. L. M.—Ink-stains on mahogany or black walnut furniture may be removed by touching the stains with a feather wet in a solution of nitre and water—eight drops to a spoonful of water. As soon as the spot disappears, rub the place at once with a cloth wet with cold water. If the ink-stains then remain, repeat, making the solution stronger. Silver that is not in use may be kept from tarnishing by burying it in a barrel of oatmeal.

C. H. S.—Antonius Stradivarius, the Italian violin maker, was born in Cremona in 1644, and died there on Dec. 17, 1737. He was the first to finish his violins neatly on the inside. He generally selected and cut his wood with great care, and studied the proportions of thickness and breadth most conducive to sono.ity, and the lustre and durability of his varnish. As early as 1668 he began to use a label with his own name.

INQUIRING.—The sea is not made salt by any natural deposits of salt in its depths. Fresh water carries down with it the salts of sodium, magnesium, chlorine, etc. These are left in the sea by the evaporation of the water constantly going on, by which the moisture of the atmosphere is chiefly sustained. After ages of this process of evaporation the sea has become heavily charged with salts, and as ages roll on this saline quality will increase until the water absolutely becomes dense with salt.

J. D.—In former days, under some of the great empires of the East, the gates or portals of palaces were the places where the law-givers and judges assembled; hence arose the title of the Sublime Porte, which is a name commonly given to the Government of Turkey. "Sublime" is a French word, meaning lofty, and seems to have been adopted in consequence of the French language being the one which is generally used in the official communications passing between the various European Governments.

L. D.—Sweden and Norway form a single kingdom, but have separate internal administration, the king residing alternately in each country. During the absence of the king in Norway, Sweden is governed by a regency named by him, consisting of a prince of the blood or a minister of state and three councillors. In case of his absence in a foriegn country, or of the minority of the sovereign, the two kingdoms are governed by a joint regency consisting of ten Swedes and ten Norwegians. The law-making power is vested in a legislature called the Diet, but the king has the right of absolute veto of any measure passed by it. There are throughout the kingdom petty courts, of which the clergy are often magistrates. The king must be a member of the Lutheran church.

L. F.—The common sumach is the smooth sumach, a shrub which grows ten or twelve feet high, with greenish-yellow flowers and sour crimson fruit, growing in clusters. The leaves are often bright scarlet and yellow in the autumn. Poison ivy, or poison oak, is also a kind of sumach. There are two kinds, one of which is a vine, and the other a shrub. What is commonly called poison sumach or poison dogwood grows usually in swamps, and is a shrub ten to 15 feet high. The flowers are greenish-yellow and the fruit greenish-white. It has a milky juice, which dries like a black varnish. The Japanese make their lacquer varnish from a poison sumach very similar to this. A small kind of sumach grows in Sicily, the crushed or ground leaves of which are used for tanning light-colored leather and for dyeing cotton cloths of a bright yellow. The leaves of the smooth sumach and of some other kinds are used in this country for the same purpose.

TO AN IDLER.

BY L. G. M.

Dreamer of dreams, thy lake of thought is fair,
And cool and sweet, but leads not anywhere.
Flower-fancies fade beside its tranquil edge,
And not a living thing hides in its sedge.

Power is well, still no reflection gives
One tithe the beauty of a truth that lives.
No wave redeems the langor of its rest.
Unvaried beauty is not beauty's best.

Ponder this truth, no thought should lake-like dwell,
But stir and thrill, with ceaseless pulse and swell,
Else thought were purposeless, and worth not pass
Even obstacles of little strength as grass.

A Golden Head.

BY R. M.

ON the terrace of an old house stood a young woman. The glow from the west was reflecting itself in its rich colorings on her face and gown. She was looking with sad wistful eyes at the sinking sun.

Her pale face showed that life had touched her with its shadows. As the light died in the sky the chilly mists of an october evening began to fall. Shivering, Margaret drew her cloak round her and turned to go in. Footsteps on the gravel made her stop.

"Oh, Margaret, is that you? You will get cold out here," said Robert Drummond in his rough but genial voice as he came up the steps carrying his gun.

"I was just going in," answered his wife quietly.

"And by-the-bye, I forgot to tell you that Bertie Griffiths would be here by dinner. I met him at Druce's last night. I left word with Hughes."

"Bertie Griffiths coming here?" echoed his wife. Had he been noticing her he could not have failed to remark her curious expression, whilst a slight color crept into her pale cheeks for which there was no longer any sunlight to account.

"Yes, why not?" and Robert Drummond looked slowly at his wife as if women were really the most incomprehensible beings of God's creation.

"I did not know you knew him. You never mentioned his name."

"No! Probably I forgot. We are such a talkative couple that I must have imagined I had told you about all my friends. Possibly I did not think it would interest you very deeply," and he spoke sarcastically. She was his wife, but occasionally he could not resist trying to wound her through her cold reserve. As usual his sarcasm fell unheeded.

"Griffiths has been abroad the last five years, in fact he went before we were married. I am jolly glad to see him again, he was a real good chap, but he lost his head about some fool of a woman who threw him over. She didn't know his worth."

Humming a tune, Robert Drummond went into the house, whilst his wife stood looking out in the deepening light, wishing the darkness would envelope her and she could lose herself in its blackness. A phantom form out of the past was making its reappearance and she dreaded it. Bertie Griffiths was coming again across her path.

Her own hand had thrust him out. She had played her part so successfully that he had gone from her with bitter curses on her falseness, whilst she, the woman, was left with the aching of an empty life.

It was the old story of poverty and a scheming mother. Margaret could not see her mother apparently want for the many luxuries that had been hers during her father's lifetime. Not till it was too late did Margaret realize the selfish nature of the woman she called mother. Then the uselessness of her sacrifice appalled her; the horror and dreariness of life came upon her, and she knew the awful wrong she had done in marrying one man while her soul craved for the love of another.

In his own rough way Robert Drummond had loved and admired her pale beauty. He knew she returned little of his affection, but like a man, imagined it was natural girlish reserve which would wear off and a day would dawn when she would give him more than wifely duty.

She had told him she had no love to give, but he accepted the risk. And yet it seemed as though the flower would never bloom for him. When a tiny, fragile counterpart of herself came to bless and complete the home, Robert dreamt that the child's hands would draw their hearts in closer union; the child only absorbed all the mother's love and the husband still stood in the cold.

He grew indifferent and callous and gave up his dreams. It was a warm, honest heart that Margaret passed by. She resented his depth of love, forgetting all the wrong she had done both men who had loved her. She tried to atone by self-exacting duty.

But what is duty when one is hungering for the smallest crumb of affection? A lifeless Galatea is not the companion a man wants by his hearth. Little Daisy was the only one who seemed to win her out of her apathy. With her she was herself bright, loving, and a mother. It had not been for the child Margaret often wondered what would have happened.

In the child's caresses she forgot herself and the memory of the past. To-night it was coming back fast, and in another hour she would have to welcome as an acquaintance the man she hoped to have called husband.

Outside the bleak night had fallen. Through the windows she saw the welcome light of the lamps and the servants moving about. It recalled her to everyday existence and the remembrance that she had to prepare to meet her guest.

Passing through the hall she saw her husband standing by the cheery fire. Suddenly it flashed across her mind that never had she mentioned Bertie Griffiths nor their close friendship of long ago. Was it right to let him come without telling her husband? The thought was confusing, and she hesitated.

"What time does Mr. Griffiths arrive?" she said, going up to the other side of the hearth and holding out her hands to the blaze, whilst her face stood in shadow.

"He ought to be here now," answered her husband, consulting his watch.

"If it is the same Bertie Griffiths—I used to know him—he was a good dancer."

That was all she said of the man who had been her world. She felt the artificiality of her constraint and was ill at ease. After all these years how could she suddenly make a confession which must upset her husband's friendship? Wisdom lay in not unsealing the dead past. This was no question of her invitation. His coming was simply a chance that fate was thrusting on her, and she must gather strength to face it.

Wheels were heard on the drive. Margaret's throat contracted and she felt suffocated with the awful throbbing at her heart. After all these years to meet him in her husband's home.

"There he is!" exclaimed Robert Drummond. Before the man could open the door he had gone out to greet his guest.

"Welcome, old chap! Come in, come in. You must be frozen. They will see to your things all right. Come in!" And with his hand half on his shoulder Robert ushered in his friend.

"My wife says she used to know a Mr. Griffiths and thought you must be the same. I hope you are, for then we shall be the better friends. But you are looking cold. It is that long drive." And so chatting on his host stirred the fire. His guest's face looked so strangely pale, even under the ruddy light.

"Yes, I am the same Griffiths. It is rather a surprise to renew my acquaintance with Miss Margaret Merrick as Mrs. Drummond." He spoke in a slow manner, the slightly bitter accent only the woman detected.

"Welcome, Mr. Griffiths. It is years since we met, so I can hardly expect you to remember such an event as my marriage." Margaret gave him her hand. A chilly atmosphere seemed suddenly to have fallen in the hall, which all Robert's geniality could hardly dispel.

"Has the little one been down yet?" inquired Drummond, looking at his watch with a quick displeased frown. He knew his wife was always an undemonstrative woman, but she might have made her welcome a little warmer.

"No, Daisy has not been down yet. I will go and fetch her," said Margaret, glad of the excuse to leave them. Bertie Griffiths followed her with eyes coldly critical. She was Margaret, and yet not the same of long ago. A more developed woman—though for that more beautiful. But where was all her bright manner? Stately she could be at times, though always full of life.

How well he remembered every trick of turn and movement! Her eyes, hazel in color, lighting up or deepening with every passing emotion. Now her eyes looked tired and shadows lay around them.

In that short moment Bertie knew he had not forgotten the past. Glancing at his host he remembered that he must.

"While my wife has gone to fetch the child you must come into my den. You will have something after your journey? I want you to see my little girl. Ah! you don't recognize me in the character of a married man," said Robert, laughing.

"No; but you look well in it, old fellow. What a delightful house this is," he said as they left the hall and went into the smoking-room.

"Glad you like it. Let me see, I think I just came in for it when you left England. It is a very comfortable place. My old uncle knew what he was about and spent plenty on it," said Robert, looking round with a pleasant air of proprietorship.

"You came into all your luck the year I went abroad. You returned with your pile, and then, as nothing succeeds like success, you fall in for everything else. Lucky chap!" said Bertie with a sigh, as he thought of his broken life. He was well off, but it had come too late. The woman he wanted was as dead to him. Why had she not remained true? Bah! What was the good of wasting a thought on that now?

"I fancy I hear my little Daisy," remarked her father, turning to Griffiths with almost an air of apology for his apparent pride. "Shall we go into the hall?"

"Certainly, of course. I am dying to be introduced to Miss Drummond." Bertie made his voice and manner as cheery as possible; no one hearing him could have guessed the pain tugging at his heart at the thought of seeing her child.

Before the hall fire knelt Margaret, whilst a tiny fairy stood with her arms round her mother's neck. By her side lay "Bob," a faithful brown spaniel, who looked up with adoring eyes at this small atom of humanity, who added so largely to his happiness.

"Well, Daisy," called out her father from the doorway. Immediately the little one left her mother and ran across with a jump into his outstretched arms. "Where's daddy been, eh, puss?"

"Shootin' birds—I know—I know," she said in her small voice, and then began to smooth his face with her little hands. Becoming conscious of the presence of a stranger she stopped and gave him a funny little look from under the shelter of her father's shoulder.

"Now, Daisy, you must say 'how do you do?' to daddy's friend," and he turned her towards Griffiths.

"How dee doo?" echoed the child in a quaintly old-fashioned manner.

"That's right, Miss Daisy; will you come to me?" and he held out his arms.

Daisy looked at him with serious blue eyes, then clambering down from her father she went straight to Bertie and put up a little face for a kiss. As he bent to give it something of the old hardness melted under the innocent touch.

"You have dot a nice face," said the three-year-old maiden, like most children succumbing easily to Bertie's charm of manner.

"Thank you, Miss Daisy; that's a great compliment," said Bertie laughing, though he looked wistfully across to Margaret, who stood in the shadow.

"Mummie, come here!" exclaimed Daisy, wanting her mother's sympathy to enjoy the wonders of Bertie's repeating watch.

"Yes, dear, mother sees. But Daisy must not worry people. It is time for little eyes to be shut," answered her mother, feeling an unaccountable tightening of her heart at the sight of her child on his knee.

Griffiths noted the coldness of her tone and half resented it, though he knew it were better she were an icicle for his safety.

"No, mummie, my eyes are open wide," said the little maid, reluctant to leave her new friend.

"Yes, darling, but mother wants her to go and shut them. Come, Daisy, dear."

"Like her sex, she requires a deal of persuasion, eh, Bertie?" said her father laughing.

"Daisy is going," and she got off her seat solemnly, not quite approving of her father laughing at her. "Good night, man!" with a last look at the watch as Bertie kissed her gently.

Then slowly she toddled to her mother to catch her hand, and together they went up the wide staircase, the child prattling of the new man with the wonderful watch.

The men stood and looked after them. "A regular little fairy," remarked Robert with loving pride in his voice. He was forty-five when he married, and this little golden-haired baby had crept into his heart, so that he often thought how empty life would be without her.

With the gradual estrangement between them Margaret often imagined that all his love for her was now transferred to the child. In a way she felt happier. But she only guessed wrongly. His love for the little one had deepened his love for his wife, though he found the child's coming had not realized the dreams he had formed of her presence.

"You must be a happy man," said Griffiths almost regrettully.

"Yes, I am, Bertie. A beautiful wife, a dear little daughter. You ought to marry, only don't marry a woman who does not love you thoroughly. Sometimes one is tempted to fancy it will come after. It is a dangerous experiment," said Robert, unconsciously revealing himself.

Was that the secret? thought Bertie, quietly studying his host's face. He had already remarked they appeared a very cool sort of husband and wife. But then a want of demonstration was no criterion of absence of affection.

Still, it was just that noticeable lack of confidential sympathy, which makes one turn to the other in many trifling details of life, which betrayed them.

"I don't think I shall venture on the sea of matrimony, old chap. I am a queer fellow to please," answered Bertie.

"Well, you are still young enough, but don't leave it too late, and don't waste your life for a memory. You don't mind my saying so much?" with a man's peculiar shyness of appearing to interfere with the inner life of another.

"I am not old, but at times I feel my thirty-five years heavily," he answered half laughing, though his grey eyes wore a quiet expression as if he were thinking of that memory.

"You are right, old fellow; no woman is, perhaps worth a thought—but somehow I can't easily forget, though I have tried. It is wiser not to rush into a bondage that may prove galling. As for the future, who can say? I shall probably get cured. There you are, Robert; you drew my woes from me—let's forget them. To-night I am in love with Miss Daisy," and he shook himself as if he would throw off the weight of serious thought that had enveloped them.

He could have laughed aloud at the idea of pouring out his troubles to the man who had supplanted him. The very irony of comedy. But he knew there were depths of tragedy beneath their three lives which were best left untouched.

"Well, Daisy is safe enough. There goes the gong. I will show you your room."

Griffiths felt thankful for the interruption.

While he was dressing Griffiths wondered what curious fate had sent him here. He had never forgotten Margaret, but his old bitterness against her was still so active that he deemed himself safe in meeting her as the wife of another.

And yet a curious feeling came, making him wish that he were married, so that she might not have the satisfaction of thinking he was faithful to her memory. He was in a dangerously complex mood, which he did not care to analyze, but still, one thought suddenly crept in as some softer memories rushed in, that perhaps, the shorter he made his visit the better.

In the drawing-room he found his hostess sitting by the fire with "Bob" at her feet. He remarked she looked even more lovely in her evening gown of sheeny amber satin with a quantity of soft lace, revealing the delicate white of a beautiful neck.

For one wild moment he wished it was all a dream, and that she was once more the sweet Margaret, who would have met him so differently to this cold, stately woman. Her voice recalled him.

"I hope you found everything comfortable, Mr. Griffiths. I don't know if you like a fire?" and she screened her face from the blaze with a small fan.

"No, thanks; it is too early yet. Though you have it rather damp here in the autumn, no doubt," he said almost inanely, with his desire of avoiding everything but the commonplace.

"Yes, the fall of the leaf is very damp here. Autumn is very dreary in spite of all the glorious coloring in the woods. I hate the good-bye to summer. I love sunshine," said Margaret, half forgetting her listener.

"I remember you were always a regular sun-worshiper, Mar—Mrs. Drummond. You must forgive me for forgetting your new title," he said with a sarcastic vibration in his tone, annoyed with himself for making such a slip. But she had spoken more like her own self.

"Robert is late," she remarked rather briskly, wisely refraining from comment, and turning the current of conversation.

The past must be a sealed book, they could not open it between them.

"I am afraid I am late, Margaret," said

Robert, coming in quickly in quickly. "Davies wanted to see me. There are some tiresome poachers about. That Nick is out of jail again. I expect he will have no mercy on my preserves now."

"I expect your keeper has a hard time here," said Griffiths. "It is so easy for the London market. And then you are on the bench; you get well paid out."

"Yes, they call me a hard 'un, and don't quite appreciate being brought before me. Do they, Margaret?" and Robert spoke in a cheery manner as if he heartily appreciated being disliked. He was a thorough-going sportsman, and liked to uphold all the old institutions.

"Well, if I were a magistrate and had property I expect I should be down on them too. The socialistic ideas so prevalent now have made such men even worse blackguards," said Bertie, duly giving his arm to Mrs. Drummond as dinner was announced.

"They are an awful nuisance and a regular plague about here."

Conversation was kept up with lively discussions on sport and other various questions. Margaret said but little, though her guest remembered how warmly interested she used to get over arguments, and could talk well.

Bertie noticed there was no attempt at badinage between husband and wife, but he remarked she always deferred to her husband in any point of doubt. But the air of restraint about her manner made him idly wish he could learn if she were really happy, for her eyes belied it. And then he put it from his mind as a dangerous speculation.

"By-the-bye, Margaret, did you hear that young Hill and Jennie Warde are going to be married? He is getting on well. They have been faithful," remarked her husband when they were in the drawing-room after dinner.

"Yes, Robert, I heard of it. We must send them a present," said his wife, stooping to pat the spaniel.

"And who are Hill and Miss Jennie Warde?" inquired Bertie. "Evidently their fidelity is to be rewarded."

"They have been engaged five years. They are both poor. He is a solicitor and just beginning to make a small income, so they consider it wise to take their happiness while they are young, than wait till he has amassed a fortune," said Robert, whilst a kind smile beamed in his eyes as he glanced at his wife.

"Well, she is pluckier than the majority of her sex; and actually true to a man for five years! almost incredible!" said Griffiths sarcastically, looking rather straight at Margaret.

"Evidently you do not count fidelity as one of our virtues, Mr. Griffiths; you do not honor us with your good opinion!" answered Margaret, returning the look defiantly. She knew the stab was for her and in a measure she felt she deserved it, at least in his eyes.

"No, I don't think women mean to be definitely untrue; they start with grand ideas of poetic fidelity—but poverty is hard for a woman, and of course the tempter generally appears under the form of riches' and what then? Eve was weak, so are her daughters as a rule. Diamonds versus hearts. The odds are on the former. I don't blame them—only I would not trust a woman again," he added in a low tone intended for her ears alone.

"Ah, you are on the wrong road altogether, old chap! Margaret, stand up for your sex; don't let him abuse them in that way. Margaret will not hear anything against women, Bertie," and he laughed at them both as if to provoke an argument.

"No, Robert, Mr. Griffiths has evidently his decided opinions. I am afraid I could not convert him. So I shall say good-night and leave you to your pipes. They are faithful companions, at least men are faithful to them." With a light laugh she shook hands and imprinted a kiss on her husband's forehead.

"Oh, Margaret, that is weak to retire like this before the enemy; you might have routed him utterly as you do me," and he gently took her hand in his big one and drew her to him for another kiss. Griffiths looked into the fire; he did not want to see that kiss.

Bertie stayed a week and all the time he seldom saw Margaret alone. She seemed to keep her child with her as a protection. Their conversation never touched upon any other but trivial subjects.

He sometimes wondered at her calm manner; was it real or feigned? The child was her idol, and he saw that her life was wound up in that little one. Bertie chafed under her coldness and began to think he was better away. His thoughts wandered too constantly to what had been, and what could never be.

The sight of her had revived more intensely the old pain. He was afraid if he remained he would lose his control and one day be tempted to break the barrier just to learn if Margaret had utterly forgotten the days gone by.

He knew it would be the folly of a madman, doing no good to either, and she would hold out a colder hand than ever. Honor to his friend made him forbear; he determined to forfeit nothing, but to save himself by flight.

"What a restless chap Griffiths has developed into; he wants to be off to-morrow," said Robert to his wife, "and I have a big shoot in ten days time. Could you not persuade him to stay on?"

"Hardly, Robert," What a welcome relief were his first words, and then to be asked to invite him to stay on. It fell like a shadow on her heart. "But of course I will ask him."

Later in the day, happening to go into the library, she saw him standing idly by the window looking out at the rain. The drip, drip of the leaves made a melancholy music in the dull light of the afternoon. He turned as he heard the rustle of her dress.

"Mr. Griffiths, my husband tells me you are obliged to leave us. Is your going so imperative? Could you not stay a little longer? Robert will be so very disappointed."

She spoke hesitatingly, and in a half-hearted but polite manner, toying with a book on the table.

"Do you want me to stay, Mrs. Drummond?" he said, coming nearer and looking curiosity at her white face.

"Naturally it——"

"No ifs, Mrs. Drummond. I should never have come here had I known I was to meet you; now I feel I must go." The intensity of feeling in the words made Margaret learn the wisdom of his going.

"Then I must tell my husband I failed in my mission," she answered in as light a manner she could assume, knowing that if he said much more she must yield to her terrible temptation and tell him she had never been false and that the mere sight of his face was a glimpse of past happiness.

Though her conscience bade her tell him to go, her heart cried out stay. It was a hard moment for both after all the years of restraint.

She was a wife and mother, he had no one, but he had his friend's honor to keep and he meant to keep it. He never dreamt it was any struggle to her.

"Mr. Griffiths," said Margaret in a gentler voice, "I think you know best. Do as you said and—go. I too had hoped never to see your face again."

"I should have thought otherwise. Women generally like to have their old admirers hanging round even when they are married. I never guessed you different. You lowered my high ideal five years ago. I cannot raise it again easily," he said bitterly, though feeling he was unwise and unjust.

Her manner had told him that she was a pure, good woman, but his heart was sore, and in spite of his strong resolutions her apparent indifference was galling.

"Mr. Griffiths—Bertie, don't talk like that. You are unfair. I must speak this once, though I had meant to keep silence and let you go believing all you have considered me. Perhaps it is unwise, who knows? Better to let you keep your own harsh opinion.

"Bertie, I married neither for love of money nor position, but merely for what it could bring my mother. Too late I discovered how it had all been. Like many another I ruined my life uselessly. That's all. Now go."

Margaret spoke almost inaudibly, so deep was the feeling that prompted the confession. She dared not look at him, but hoped he would leave her.

For a moment there was a dead silence in the room, broken only by the dreary pattering of the rain outside and the moaning sigh of the wind through the decaying leaves.

Bertie listened; it seemed as though he should always hear that falling rain. He wanted to say so much, a load had been lifted.

He would like to have held her in his arms and kissed that sweet face again. She was another's wife. His hands clenched themselves as he fought the temptation.

"Margaret, why were you not stronger? Why, oh why, did you not tell me?" he said at last, breaking the oppressive silence.

"Because, like many a foolish woman, I thought to make my sacrifice more complete by letting you go thinking me false, so that you should forget me," she answered sadly, whilst her face seemed even paler in the twilight that dull afternoon.

Bertie hardly dared to make a reply, he felt there could be none. A great pity filled his soul as he recognized the unselfish beauty of this woman, and yet it was all so unavailing. She was stronger than he.

Departure was now more imperiously necessary. The knowledge that all these years she had not forgotten him made his trial heavier. But he dared not dally now.

"Margaret, my poor Margaret, God help us both. Are you—quite happy?" Such a question he felt should not have been put, but a man's vanity somewhat prompted it in a measure. Perhaps he wanted to feel she was happier than he.

"Don't ask me that. No one can be quite happy who has done their best to shipwreck their life. As Bossuet wrote: 'Happiness is composed of so many pieces there are always some missing.' I have missed the largest piece, that's all. But I have a good husband and the dearest child. Do not think me unhappy."

"Yes, your life is filled; mine is the empty one," he said bitterly.

"Make it complete yourself, Do not let circumstances conquer you as I did. Don't let me think I spoilt your life entirely," said Margaret generously. Hard though it was to counsel him to put her utterly out of his thoughts, she wanted to save him from throwing his life recklessly away.

"You tell me that, Margaret. How like a woman—when you know that I——" he broke out passionately and stepped closer.

"Mummie, mummie, dear!" and a rattling of the handle made them start almost guiltily. Bertie's arms fell to his side.

"All right, darling; mother will open the door," called out Margaret.

"It is so dull wif nurse, I wanted to keep with you," said Daisy, nestling in her mother's arms. Her coming had cleared the atmosphere; even the rain did not drip so drearily.

The living present was thrusting out the dead past, making the two learn how utterly apart they must stand. For one brief moment they looked deep into each other's eyes over the child's head; that was their souls' farewell.

Margaret with the child in her arms, with that wonderful mother's love shining in her eyes, was the picture he took away with him.

He was glad he had been able to fight with strength and had left her content at least, it not happy. The bitterness was gone, and he treasured the memory of a good, true woman whose only fault had been the unselfishness which had made her spoil two lives so uselessly.

"Griffiths has altered, Margaret. Queer chap to go off so quickly. He isn't the same cheery fellow he used to be," said Robert musingly, little dreaming of the tragedy his going had prevented.

"Yes, dear; I think he is changed. Perhaps life will alter for him," and Margaret got up and went to her husband and put her hand through his arm. It was one of the rare times she had ever shown any demonstration of affection, but somehow she felt she had so much to atone for to this man who had been so generous to her.

His dream of a brighter, fuller life was realized, for Margaret strove to make her sacrifice more complete, and learnt to value the noble heart that loved her. It was her consolation when Robert's place was empty, and she found the peace that went to make life's perfect happiness.

Often and often she kissed that dear little golden head lying on her heart and thought how differently it might have ended.

Miss Gyurkovics.

BY F. T. H.

EVERY year the Gyurkovics of Tamasi in Hungary, put the proceeds of the tobacco factory in their pockets and came down to Pesth to combine a visit to their brother the Deputy with a little amusement.

Along the Corso in the mornings, on the ice in the afternoons, they were always in evidence, while every evening at theatres, balls or concerts they were to be seen enjoying themselves to the scrape of fiddles and the popping of champagne corks until the small hours, while, wherever they appeared a perfect stream of tips followed for coachmen, waiters, gipsy musicians and all sorts of hangers-on.

Then, too, they moved about in such an immense family party as reminded one of patriarchal times; all their young men were officers or government officials, or rising young lawyers, and had the reputation of being ready to flirt with anybody at any moment, though it was understood they were not marrying men.

Whereas, on the other hand, it was well known that no eligible party who came within flirting distance of one of their sisters could possibly escape.

Every year the Gyurkovics' parents brought a fresh daughter to Pesth and provided her with her husband. Nobody knew how many girls still remained at home, but it is certain that as soon as one was settled another appeared immediately to take her place.

They were all charmingly pretty and coquettish; could dance seven Csardas running without feeling any fatigue, and could sit night after night at the supper table till the dawn began to creep in without showing any deterioration of their dazzling complexions.

To see one of them roll and light a cigarette—after a glance at her brother the Deputy for permission—simply turned your head!

No wonder if, after a good lot of champagne, and the near proximity of a round white shoulder, an eligible partner began to murmur all sorts of ridiculous things, which were promptly clinched by the young lady's practical answer, "Please speak direct to mamma!"

It was thus that three of the Miss Gyurkovics had already found excellent husbands, and had settled down, report said, into the best of wives.

When the shopkeepers in the Waitznergasse were set to work upon lace petticoats, and embroidered table-linen, people nudged each other and wondered what dowry the girls had.

The initiated smiled, for they guessed how Mamma Gyurkovics contrived those flounced petticoats and other smartnesses of the trousseau out of her own special industry of peach liquor, of which, nevertheless, she continued to send each of her married daughters a dozen bottles every autumn.

Two years ago the good lady brought her fourth daughter to Pesth. Ella was this one's name, and she was quite half a head taller and a good bit more coquettish than any of her sisters before her.

The young men who were introduced to her swore that she was out and away the prettiest of all the Gyurkovics girls, and that meant that she was the prettiest of all the girls who came to Pesth, be the others who they might.

With astonishing ease Ella Gyurkovics took to the asphalt and parquet of town life, having all the experience of her three preceding sisters to help her. From the very first evening, in a five hours' sitting at supper at the Bristol, she made a conquest of the gipsy orchestra, and so enchanted the first violin that at all the concerts and restaurants nothing but her favorite airs were to be heard.

As usual the Gyurkovics fever seized all the young men in the town, and to all appearance it lay completely in Ella's power to decide which of them should be conducted towards the inevitable crisis, to which all laid themselves open. Nevertheless everything went awry.

It was a certain Andreas Gabor whom Ella encouraged most markedly, and, as her brother had occasion to point out later, her unexpected mismanagement of the affair ended in the Gyurkovics family having to return to their country home, after their fortnight was over, without having received the proposal which was evidently their due—a thing which had never happened to them before!

Andreas Gabor, with whom the fourth Miss Gyurkovics had really fallen in love, was an exceedingly eligible and well-behaved young lawyer, perhaps almost too correct in his behavior to fall in with the usual plans of the country family.

A young man who set himself to check the waiter's bill while the supper Csardas was being danced, and who appeared to grow more and more circumspect the more champagne he took, might well arouse the suspicions of Mamma Gyurkovics.

"I believe that young Gabor is after money," she observed to her daughter. "Perhaps it would be as well if you gave him his dismissal so that he does not manage to spoil your other chances."

But Ella was really in love, and was not at all inclined to let Andreas slip. Somehow she contrived that he seldom danced with any other girl, and was generally beside her out walking or on the ice.

When she touched his champagne glass with her own before drinking, and he saw her brown eyes look straight into his (in spite of her mother's warning frown), the young man's head, cool as it was, began to buzz with strange fancies.

"How can one think of marrying into such a family unless one is a regular

Rothschild? I don't know what they would expect; but——"

Gabor left this thought unfinished and picked up Ella's fan, which lay beside her.

"What a lovely fan! I should like to get one like it for my sister. Are they very expensive?"

"Oh, not at all! If you like I could order one for you—only eighty florins!"

The young man bit his lip.

"Eighty florins!" he thought to himself; "just the third part of my month's salary!"

One of the young Gyurkovics was angrily finding fault with a waiter: he had ordered one wine, and they had brought him a different.

"Do you take me for a cab-driver that you serve me with Hungarian champagne?" he demanded in a rage.

"No, no! I cannot marry into such an extravagant family as this," Andreas Gabor sighed to himself.

The fortnight was over, the Gyurkovics' money was almost finished, and it began to be time for them to pack and return home.

Ella, who was as lovesick as any schoolgirl, did not know how to face the approaching parting. She pinned all her hopes on the farewell supper-party, at which all the Gyurkovics were to be entertained by Gabor and his set; perhaps he meant to speak out on this last opportunity.

He sat as usual at her side, and what with the thought of parting and the tenderness of Ella's manner, he came very nearly forgetting his prudent resolve of the previous week; it was a stupid action on Ella's part which recalled him to his right mind. The gipsys were playing Ella's favorite melody, and she called across Gabor to her brother the Deputy.

"Milan, I want you to lend me three ten florin notes!"

"What for?"

"To give the gipsys."

"Nonsense! That's my affair!"

When she saw that he did not mean to give her the money she loosed form her arm a shining gold bangle, set with brilliants, and tossed it into the plate which the gipsy had handed round. The Deputy brother seemed annoyed at first, then he began to laugh, and redeemed the bracelet with thirty florins.

Andreas Gabor buttoned up his coat.

"I should be a fool, merely fit for a straight waistcoat, if I offered myself in such a family!" thought he; and with that he turned to the lady on his other side, to whom he had only just been introduced, and whose name he had not caught, and began to make himself exceedingly agreeable.

And next day the Gyurkovics family left Pesth for their country seat, Mamma Gyurkovics taking home with her the disappointing conviction that her fourth daughter was not the success that she had expected.

* * * * * *

It was eight months later, and already mid-autumn. Andreas Gabor was spending some time in the country with his relations, for the quail shooting, and suddenly he remembered that he was in the neighborhood of the Gyurkovics.

"I ought to go and call," he explained to his people. "I was always meeting them in the winter at Pesth."

It was arranged that they should go shooting in the direction of the Gyurkovics' house and drop Gabor to pay his visit; so it happened that he found himself one midday, with a gun on his shoulder and a tired pointer at his heels, in front of the great old country house, just outside the village, which he guessed must be the Gyurkovics' home.

"I hope I know them well enough to drop in and take a plate of soup without ceremony," he thought hungrily as he stepped across the courtyard. The house certainly showed no outward signs of magnificence, and testified in no wise to the æsthetic tastes of its inhabitants.

In the great empty, sunshiny forecourt, some guinea-fowl were scratching up the sand; on the paling a lot of milk cans and wooden tubs were stuck upside down to dry.

Not a living soul did Gabor encounter as he stepped softly into the corridor which ran along the front of the house. He did not dare penetrate farther in that direction, fearing to stumble upon one of the young ladies in neglige perhaps, and turned instead towards the laundry, under the big mulberry tree, where the week's washing was going forward and a whole swarm of maids were passing to and fro with baskets of linen, while the young lord stood in the shadow of the [illegible]

[illegible] gentlemen's shirts, with hemstitched fronts, which required special attention and careful treatment, were sorted out and put ready for Miss Ella's iron. For here was Ella herself with a white handkerchief tied over her hair and her sleeves rolled up above the elbow, her cheeks pink and warm from the heat of the iron which from time to time she tested against them.

As she caught sight of the approaching sportsman, and recognized who he was, she gave a cry and made a rush for the house, almost losing a slipper in her hurry to escape.

Two or three others of the girls who were engaged with the family washing—and who were also the Miss Gyurkovics—followed their sister's example; only the genuine washerwomen stolidly stuck to their business.

Andreas Gabor went back to his relations' house, and in the course of conversation retailed this curious adventure to his cousin; the latter pursed up his lips: "What would you have?" he asked. "Mrs. Gyurkovics has such a lot of children that she is obliged to set them all to work.

"The sons who remained at home attended to the farm, the daughters manage the kitchen and dairy. They scrub, cook, iron, prepare the market produce, make all sorts of still-room confections——"

Andreas Gabor clasped his hands: "If you could only have seen them in Pesth!"

"Of course! because they spend down there what they earn here in a year's hard work. I suppose in town they pass for grandees—eh? They work the whole year in order to enjoy that fortnight in Pesth, and stint themselves in nothing as long as it lasts!"

* * * * * *

Miss Ella Gyurkovics was not a little astonished to find that, in spite of the ironing episode, young Gabor repeated his visit to her mother's house early in the partridge shooting season.

He found her in the forecourt as he approached overseeing some workmen, with a cloth covering her pretty hair from the dust.

This time she did not attempt to escape him, for she had given up the hope of impressing him with her grandeur; she made room for him beside her on a heap of empty sacks, and when he sat down she let the cover slide off her hair on to her shoulders. She spoke of all sorts of indifferent subjects. Then he suddenly interrupted.

"Do you remember, Ella, that last evening at Pesth, when we danced together? I did not think then that I should ever see you like this!"

The girl grew very red; then with a quick, natural impulse she turned and looked the young man full in the face.

"It matters very little. I did not please you particularly that evening—nor can I please you much now?"

"You are mistaken. Both then and now you pleased and please me very much indeed!"

"But better that evening in Pesth?"

"On the contrary, much better here in Tamasi!"

The girl shook her head doubtingly and looked down at her leather country-soled shoes just showing beyond her cotton skirt. The farm-man came to fetch the sacks and they had to move, Ella's heavy shoes making a crunching on the gravel as the young lawyer walked beside her.

"Why do I please you best here in Tamasi?" she asked, looking at him over her shoulder with a smile.

"Because here I dare to hope that by the side of a man of small means——"

He did not finish. Ella interrupted in a very low voice: "It would depend so very much who the man was?"

"If it were I?"

Ella seemed to weigh the proposal for a minute or two, then she answered, "Please speak direct to mamma!"

Andreas Gabor went to Mamma Gyurkovics straight-way. Afterwards Mamma Gyurkovics said to her daughters: "I always knew that it was necessary to impress a man, but I had no idea that household work and all that sort of thing, would make such an impression on a man of the world like Gabor!"

A few months later Ella Gyurkovics' trousseau was on view in show rooms at the Waitzner-gasse in Pesth, and everyone was astonished at the elegance of the embroidered petticoats and the lace trimmed tea gowns.

And the following carnival Mamma Gyurkovics brought her fifth daughter to town, who was even prettier than the four previous sisters.

ITALIAN WOMEN.—The popular idea of Italian women, when it does not admit that it was they who first invented Turkish sultanas, sleeping or lounging listlessly on soft couches, their only occupation being love-making, or perchance learning how to sing a love song. Never was there a greater mistake.

Italian women, even in towns and in good circumstances, work harder than any other women I know. Not a stitch is done in the house that they do not do.

They spin and make their own linen, rear their own silkworms, knit their own stockings and the stockings of their whole family, make their own dresses, hats, bonnets and cloaks, and superintend all the baking, cooking and cleaning of the house, if they do not positively do them themselves.

They rarely go out, except on Sundays and holidays, and rarely receive visitors, unless in the highest society, where one day a week is set aside for receiving.

They are perfect slaves to their husbands, whose comfort they study from morning until night. I have heard much of Italian illicit love making, but I have never seen it.

It may exist, perhaps, among the aristocracy, but in the middle and lower classes it is more imagination than reality. Besides, even in high society, they maintain the custom of making their own wedding outfits.

A young friend of mine, who has just married, has brought her husband four dozens of every article of body and house linen, all made and embroidered with her own hands, even the lace which trims the house linen being of her own work.

All the stockings, also, were knitted by herself. Nor is this the exception; it is the rule in Italy. Who, after this, shall say that the Italian women are idlers? No one, certainly, who has known and seen them as I have will ever say so; on the contrary, I would hold them up as models for all other women to imitate.

Why, even in Rome, once the capitol of the world, the women spend their time between their house and church, varying these with an occasional walk on Sundays and great holidays, while everything in the house is done by themselves, and for the most part without a servant, servants being too expensive for most incomes nowadays.

S. O.

ORIGIN OF FENCING.—From the first invention of the sword down to the period when the fifteenth century was drawing to a close, the weapon had always been used as an arm of offence.

The person using it thrust or hewed it into the body of his antagonist whenever he had a chance, and the only defence against it was a stout armor or an interposed shield.

It is not to be supposed that an ancient warrior, or one belonging to the earlier middle ages, never thrust aside or parried with his own a stroke of his enemy's; but this method of defence was not depended upon in those days; the breast plate, the helmet, or the buckler was expected to shield the soldier while he was endeavoring to get his own sword into some unprotected portion of the body of his antagonist.

But about the time of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain the science of fencing was invented. This new system of fighting gave an entirely new use to the sword.

It now became a weapon of defence as well as offence. Long, slender rapiers, sharpened only at the point, were the swords used in fencing;

Armed with one of these a gallant knight or high-toned courier, who chose the new method of combat, disdained the use of armor; the strokes of his opponent were warded off by his own light weapon, and whichever of the two contestants were enabled to disarm the other, or deliver a thrust which could not be parried, could drive the sharp point of his rapier into the body of his opponent if he felt so inclined.

The rapier, which was adopted to combat two persons, and not for general warfare, soon became the weapon of the duellist; and as duels used to be as common as law suits are now, it was thought necessary that a man should know how to fence, and thus protect the life and honor of himself, his family, and his friends.

SPOILED THE PARTY.—"You weren't at the Jones's" said the girl with the brown cape.

"No, I wasn't, and I'm awfully sorry. You see, I should have been there, but you——"

"Well, you ought to be glad that you weren't."

"Why, what was the matter? I always thought everybody had a good time when they went to the Jones's, for I believe——"

"It was the dullest thing I ever was to, I know it was to me, and I'm sure it was to all the rest of the party!"

"Yes, everybody was to get in groups and talk about things. Now, for my part, I like——"

"But it wasn't. We just sat and looked at each other all the evening, and everybody went home feeling uncomfortable."

"You don't mean it! Why, what was the matter? Did anything happen?"

"I am not sure whether to say yes or no. You see, it was this way. The pianist didn't come, and there wasn't anybody there who could play, so of course we couldn't talk, and we all sat there feeling bored until it was time to go."

At Home and Abroad.

The court of Pope Leo XIII. comprises 1,000 persons. There are twenty valets, 120 chamberlains, 300 extra honorary chamberlains, 130 supernumerary chamberlains, 30 officers of the noble guard, and 60 guardsmen, 14 officers of the Swiss guard and palace guard, 7 honorary chaplains, twenty private secretaries, ten stewards and masters of the horse, and sixty doorkeepers.

The adherents of the lost cause of the Stuarts are disputing the claim made for Queen Victoria of the longest reign in English history. They point out that the reign of King James III. and VIII., lasted from 1701 to 1766, or over sixty-four years. To be sure he was never King in fact, but his reign was acknowledged by many subjects who were loyal to him in the field and on the scaffold.

Greenland boys are great egg collectors. As soon as the gulls and other birds that nest in the far north appear in the spring, the work begins. No boy who has not practised a great deal at climbing the rough mountain sides and creeping over the glaciers is allowed to venture on the perilous task. But at fifteen, and even before, a Greenland boy is strong of limb, as fearless of heart, and as cool of head as any steeple climber.

In Venice not long ago a lottery drawing gave rise to the opening of coffins, in order that the sign of a lucky number might be detected in the eye or on the lips of the corpse. Shrouds, dusty and covered with mould, were examined for traces of writing that might lead to the sought-for knowledge, and new-born infants were closely inspected for birth-marks that would reveal the secret, while it is said that ladies of birth and education wore their dresses with the insides turned out, in order to propitiate the god of the wheel. In Naples a monk was fallen on by two footpads, and, failing to tell them the lucky number, was beaten so severely that he afterwards died.

An original individual of a certain town, who during his lifetime was fond of good living, has just died, leaving a legacy of $2000 to five friends under the following conditions. The legacy must be spent on dinners served in different restaurants, and the deceased has stipulated that at each meal a certain special dish and particular wine, of which he was very fond, shall be served, and that at dessert his memory shall be duly drunk. Furthermore, the five companions must dine together in black clothes and black gloves, and must enter the dining-room preceded by a flag and to the music of an accordion.

There seems to be a curious restriction existing in Berlin to hamper the designers of monumental sculpture. Only royal personages are allowed to be commemorated by equestrian statues, meaner mortals have to be content with being on foot. Attention has been called to this matter in consequence of the wish expressed by members of the committee responsible for the erection of the national tribute of regard for Bismarck, that their fellow-countryman should be represented mounted on horseback. Some $200,000 has been collected for this monument, and there is naturally a desire that it should be made as important as possible; but the regulations are stated to be immutable, and no departure from the usual custom is to be allowed.

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by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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Our Young Folks.

THE WISE SNAKE.

BY W. H.

JACKIE, being a little boy, was fond of stories about bears and tigers and lions. He liked to read about people who went into far-away countries where savages live, and who were always getting nearly killed—but not quite.

Jeanie, his sister, liked other stories—about flowers, and beautiful, good maidens who married the Fairy Prince. They each had a book of stories, the sort they liked best, and used to sit on the nursery floor and read them on wet days.

Jackie's book had pictures of shaggy white bears walking about on great hills of ice, or of savages, with funny, woolly-looking heads stuck with feathers.

Jeanie used to say that the savages' heads looked like the feather broom with which nurse dusted the pictures hanging on the wall; but then, you see, Jeanie was only a girl.

Although they liked reading stories very much, they liked hearing them much better, and every night after tea, mother used to tell them one. Jackie always wanted one with plenty of lions and tigers with very big growls in it. He would say:

"Let's have the second chapter of that jolly old tiger who went to a party and ate up the children while they were looking at a magic lantern."

But Jeanie would look quite frightened until mother told her that it wasn't true, and the tiger never went to a party at all.

Jeanie always asked for fairies with yellow hair and shining sticks, with a star at the end, in their hand; so mother had to mix up the fairies and the tigers.

"Once," she said, "there was a very wicked snake——"

"As thick as my leg in the big part?" asked Jackie. "And did his sting keep on coming out and spitting at people? And had he got stripes?"

"You'll hear in a moment. He lived on the very top branch of the tallest tree in the forest; and as he was just the color of the tree, it was difficult to see him at all. He was a very wise snake, and knew nearly everything. He knew what made a wheel go round and round without tumbling over, and he heard all that the insects said.

"He knew why the nightingale only sings in the evening, and what makes the mouse lay her eggs in someone else's nest. But although he was so clever he was not kind, and there was one thing that made him very angry; he could not bear anyone to touch his tail, which he wound round and round the trunk of the tree until it almost touched the grass.

"One day a little girl very pretty, Jeanie, with red roses sprinkled all over her frock came singing through the forest.

"There was moss growing on the snake's tree the greenest and most cushiony moss that you ever saw. And the little girl wanted some very much. She put out her hand and pulled off a beautiful piece, but as she did it she touched the tip of the snake's tail."

"But he was all tail a snake's only a tail, with a little 'teeny' bit of head on top. And you didn't say it he had any stripes," said Jackie.

"Oh, yes, plenty of stripes gold and silver. It was the very tip of his tail that the little girl touched. And he came wriggling down the tree at once, he was very, very angry.

"And he kept on stinging and stinging——"

"No; he did worse than that. He said he could talk, you know, that he would turn her into a tiger, and that she would have to be a tiger all her life, or until some body said a kind word to her. The snake, who thought himself so very clever the very cleverest creature in the whole world, never dreamt that anyone would ever say a kind word to a tiger."

"And what did the little girl's mother do?" asked Jeanie.

"Why, the little girl came and ate her all up," said Jackie.

"No, she didn't," mother went on. "She lived in the forest and was very miserable, but she never forgot that she wasn't a real tiger, although she looked exactly like one, and all the other tigers, of course, thought she was.

"Her own family never knew, and she used to wander about feeling very unhappy, and whenever she passed her tail (now the same color as the grass, long and large) would, and did, 'Well, my dear, you haven't said a word to speak kindly to you yet. And you never will, for nobody likes a tiger. I'll teach you to go tugging at the tip of my tail!'

"But at last, one day, the poor tiger came to a little house in a lane just on the border of the forest, and somehow she fancied that she had seen it before. It was a very pretty house, with pink and yellow roses climbing on the walls and apple trees in the orchard, and beautiful red, juicy strawberries peeping out from their dark green leaves in the strawberry bed.

"The door of the house was open, and the tiger went in. She went upstairs and stepped into a bedroom where there was a little cot. And inside the cot was a baby boy.

"Directly the poor tiger saw him, she knew that it was her little brother, who had been ever so much smaller and not even able to talk and walk on the day when she went away into the forest and pulled the snake's tail. She felt very miserable, but could not cry, of course and only gave a low growl."

"And was the baby very frightened? And did the father come up with a big gun?" asked Jackie, who always thought that he could finish a story.

"No. Strange to say, the baby was not frightened at all. All he did was to put out his hands and smile and say, 'Come here, you pretty big puss-puss. I love you.'

"So you see, someone did speak kindly after all, and the wise snake was wrong for once. And the tiger turned into a little girl; and her mother, who had been very unhappy indeed, was so glad to get her back, and told her never, never to go into the forest alone again."

THE RAINBOW RIBBON.

BY V. L.

FAIRIES cannot cry; and what a pity it is that so many tender little hearts must break without that overflowing of feeling to soothe their sorrow.

There was to be a ball at Oaklands, and all the fairies were going; all the fairies and elves and dwarfs. Fairy Bluebell was to go also, and she had nothing new to wear. She was tired of daisies and primroses and spiders' webs.

There are beautiful shops in Fairyland. At the best of them you can buy dewdrops for a toadstool, and you can get fairy goblets, but not so cheaply. Fairy Bluebell wended her way to a shop that looked very inviting, and which was festooned with cowslip bells.

"I wish for a piece of broad ribbon, to make an entire ball-dress," she said. There had just been a heavy shower, and her toadstool was wet.

"Yes, madam, we have some very beautiful ribbon just now, and you are the first to see it. Will you kindly come upstairs? It is very high up, at the top of the house."

So the shopman led Fairy Bluebell to the top of a lofty elm she could easily climb, being so used to it, and there in front of them shone a lovely piece of ribbon the colors of the rainbow.

"There, I can just catch hold of it," said the shopman. "Is it not very lovely, madam? No one has seen it before; it is quite out of the common."

Fairy Bluebell was matter-of-fact. "How much is it?" she asked.

"Three tears the yard, madam."

Fairy Bluebell's heart sank. "And how many yards are there?"

"That has not been ascertained, madam. We have not yet got hold of the other end, and we think the elves are holding it, and we are so afraid that they will rush it; but we have got a end fast."

"It is too dear," sighed Fairy Bluebell.

But there was a rabbit in the wood, she had heard, who, although few people believed him and none had tried him, had the power of making people do things which in no other way they could perform. Fairy Bluebell took her way thither, and requested the rabbit to help her to shed some natural tears.

"Certainly," said the rabbit. He pitched an oak apple from a heap of other things, and held it before Fairy Bluebell.

"This represents the world," he said; "look through this little hole at the top."

Fairy Bluebell did as she had been bidden, and she saw into the heart of the wicked world.

"What do you see?" asked the rabbit.

"Oh, such a sight, a court ball, with lovely ladies in beautiful dresses dancing with sweet gentlemen on the exquisite parquet floor in another drawing room."

"Look again," said the rabbit.

"I see a ball-room party, where people are dressed to dance, they are sitting and eating, and the room very merry——"

"Look again."

"I see I see a maid with two pretty ladies in it; they are dipping their hands into the water and are singing pretty songs."

"Now look through the hole from this side," said the rabbit, turning round the oak-apple to her, "what do you see now?"

"Oh, such a sight; some men talking loudly and angrily, and stumbling as they walk; three women are crying, so easily and naturally, and are asking them to do something. They refuse, and seem to be angry. The man nearest the wall turns round and hits the woman by him. Oh! she is shrieking so. She has fallen! Is she dead?"

"Look again, and you will see something new."

Fairy Bluebell's little face was contracted with grief and extreme sympathy, but her blue eyes were dry.

"This time there is a jail, with two windows in it. The sun seems to have fallen out with the grey stone of the prison, for not for one moment in the day do they come face to face. In one of the small windows sits a young man—young to look at—but his hair is grey. Oh me! he is so pale! It seems as if he were almost the reflection of some other man, he looks so thin and sad. He must be stifled in those heavy, still walls. And so young. Oh, I don't like it, I am so frightened, take it away."

"This will be the last picture," said the rabbit. He glanced at the frightened little face beside him, and at the blue eyes, which now seemed to be a darker shade; the horror of the scenes they had witnessed creeping over them. But no tears shone there.

Fairy Bluebell's small hands shook as she clasped them together, and her whole face trembled as she again looked through the hole in the oak-apple.

"Oh, look!" she screamed, "a rough man is bending over a tiny child on a lonely road; he seems wild, and careless of what he is doing. He grasps the child's tiny arm and shakes it. A carriage comes past, and the man steps out of its way, but the wee child is left there! It will be killed! Oh, can I not get to it! Oh, can I not go! Oh, what shall we do—oh, me, oh!"

The fairy sinks down on a clump of moss, and her small frame shakes and quivers. A great something rises into her slender throat and almost chokes her. Then Fairy Bluebell wrings her hands, and presses them to her burning eyes, and when she draws them down they are wet with dew—dew that becomes water, and rushes down in a torrent of fairy tears, and wets little Bluebell through and through. She has already shed the price of the beautiful rainbow ribbon many, many times, but she does not think of that.

"There," said the rabbit, "you've done it now."

"I've finished," said Bluebell; "what is your fee, please?"

"I am never paid," said the brown rabbit; "I do it for charity."

"That is very charitable of you," answered Fairy Bluebell; "Thank you very much."

So she turned home, and cheered up on the way. And when she thought of her visit to the rabbit, she cried again, because she was so glad to be able to cry. And she was still crying when she passed the ribbon shop. That reminded her of her ball-dress, so she turned in.

"I have come about that ribbon," she said; "will you show it to me again, please."

"I am sorry to say that it is gone," said the shopman.

"All sold?"

"Well, madam, we don't quite know how it was! We had tied our end, as we thought, securely to one of the pillars in the shop, and suddenly, without the least jerk, the whole thing disappeared. Not even an end of that we had tied was left.

"It all melted as as the stars melt when morning breaks, and although we searched every where it was nowhere to be found. It seemed just as if the clouds had sucked it up!"

"What a pity," said Fairy Bluebell. "I had brought the tears with me all ready; but I suppose it can't be helped."

"Exactly, madam, it can't be helped. I am really very sorry; if you would like a primrose colored——"

"No, thank you, not to-day."

"Exactly so, madam. Good-morning."

"I think I won't go to the Oaklands ball," thought Bluebell, as she left the shop. "I will ground see the poor rabbit, and know more of the world. I wonder if I could cry again. I hope I have not gotten home."

* * * * * * *

So the fairies did not go to the Oaklands ball. Why, they might not be all have time to pass in the sun's rays.

The World's Events.

The song of the nightingale can be heard at the distance of a mile.

The Crystal Palace at Sydenham, England, will hold 100,000 people.

Little alligators are kept as drawing-room pets in some of the fashionable houses abroad.

A bicycle is supplied to every police station in the suburbs of Paris for the use of the force.

More than 1,250,000 acres of the earth's surface are devoted to the cultivation of tobacco.

If a snail's head is cut off and the animal placed in a cool, moist place another head will grow.

Some of the screws that are used in a watch are so small that, to the unaided eye, they appear like steel filings.

The largest bee-keeper in the world is a California gentleman, who has 6,000 hives, producing 500,000 pounds of honey yearly.

A shower of toads recently fell on the railway track in Topeka, Kansas, so impeding the progress of a train that it had to stop.

It is estimated that the light of a full moon is at least three hundred thousand times weaker than sunlight, when the "great orb of day" is standing at meridian.

"Familiarity breeds contempt" is a proverb found in one form or another in every European or Asiatic language having a literature. Its earliest form is believed to be in the Sanskrit.

The lowest annual salary paid any one in the Consular service of this Government is one dollar. This is received by the Consular agents at Kalamata, Greece, and Dardanelles, Turkey.

The human hair is absolutely the most profitable crop that grows. Five tons of it are annually imported. The Parisians harvest upwards of 250,000 pounds, equal in value to $100,000 per annum.

"Pay weddings" are not uncommon in some of the rural districts of Germany. All the guests pay a fixed sum for the entertainment, and the receipts are used to furnish a home for the bridal couple.

Barrels, casks, pails, etc., are now made by moulding wood-pulp in the desired shape, subjecting it to heat in the form of hot air or water, steam or other vapor, and compressing it by hydraulic pressure.

Many railway corporations here are following the foreign custom of planting fruit trees along the sides of their lines. There are a few districts where apple and cherry have for some years been the common road trees.

The Court Theatre in Munich has a revolving stage, the part in view of the audience representing one quarter of a circle. A change of scene can be effected in eleven seconds by bringing to the front the next quarter of the circle.

According to an official estimate made in the Treasury Department, the present population of the United States slightly exceeds 77,000,000. This indicates an annual increase of more than 2,000,000 since the last Federal census was taken in 1890.

An experimental race was recently made between a skilful typist and an expert penman, the test being the number of times a phrase of eight words could be reproduced in five minutes. The typist scored thirty-seven and the penman twenty-three.

If the many disputes which have recently arisen in connection with cycling keep on the roads our Courts will soon be so overrun with bicycling cases that it may be necessary to establish a special Court to deal with this new and enormous field of jurisprudence.

According to statistics, the number of yearly telephone conversations in the United States is 7,000,000; of telegraphic messages 65,000,000; of arc lights, 1,000,000; of incandescent, 15,000,000, and several hundred thousand electric motors. There are 800 electric railways. It is estimated that to 2,000,000 persons in this country electricity contributes a means of livelihood.

In the neighborhood of the Bermudas the sea is extremely transparent, so that the fishermen can readily see the backs of lobsters protruding from their holes or places in the rocks at considerable depths. To entice the crustaceans from these crannies they tie several snails together to form a bunch and dangle them in front of the lobster's nose. When he swallows the bait they haul him up.

There is in Milan a covered street of circular shape roofed with glass and surmounted by a large dome, round the inside of which runs a row of gas-burners. The [illegible] was a longer one [illegible] was made to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

GOOD-BYE.

BY S. LE FANU.

What you might once have been to me,
It does not matter now;
I trusted you, and left you free
To keep or break your vow.

You said you loved me—and perhaps
You may have been sincere;
But when we parted, you forgot—
I do not blame you, dear.

And now, though you are mine no more,
Though I can not forget
The days gone by, I curse you not;
For, dear, I love you yet.

BENEATH THE SEA.

If we compare the bottom of the sea, as far as it is known, with the surface of the dry land, we find many important differences which modern investigation has brought very vividly to light. The surface of the land is diversified in many ways by the action of the atmosphere, the rain, the streams and rivers, by alternating periods of moisture and drought, by frost and winds, and, on the coast, by the movement of the sea itself.

On the floor of the ocean none of these agents are at work; consequently there is very little diversity of surface. It has been found by innumerable soundings that there exist at the bottom of the sea vast plains and valleys, and, here and there, great mountain chains, the summits of which occasionally rise above the surface of the water. But everything is on a vast and monotonous scale, devoid of diversity, because there are no sculpturing forces at work, no variation of temperature, no alternating periods of heat and cold, no winds, no movement of the water.

The bottom of the deep sea is, indeed, entirely screened from the warmth and heat of the sun by the intervening mass of water. On land we often experience that the intervention of clouds, which are simply steam, or divided masses of water, results in gloom and a fall of temperature. This effect is infinitely more intense at the bottom of the ocean, between which and the sun there is interposed, not only for a day or two, a layer of cloud, but, for ever, a volume of water often several miles thick.

Even at fifteen fathoms from the surface the light is much subdued, producing more the appearance of pale moonlight than of sunlight, and experiments made with very sensitive photographic plates in the clear water of the Lake of Geneva have shown that sunlight does not penetrate to a greater depth there than one hundred and fifty-five fathoms. In the open ocean and in the tropics, where sunshine is most intense, no light penetrates beyond a depth of two hundred fathoms. Below this all is dark.

Ordinary plant life, so abundant on the land, appears to be entirely absent on the floor of the deep seas; for plants can grow only in the presence of sunlight. Hence these vast, dark, silent plains and valleys beneath the waters of the ocean are, as far as we know, absolutely bare of vegetation. It is difficult, indeed, to conceive that life of any kind could be found in the midst of such desolation; and yet the dredgings made during the last twenty years have proved that these cold, dark depths really teem with animal life.

At the surface of the sea we are accustomed to the pressure of the superincumbent atmosphere only, which amounts, as every one knows, to about fifteen pounds on every square inch of the surface of our bodies. But water is much heavier than air, since a column of water, thirty-three feet high, exerts the same pressure as the whole column of the atmosphere, which is at least two hundred and fifty thousand feet, or about forty-five miles high; so that a column of water two thousand fathoms deep exerts a pressure of about two and a half tons to the square inch, which is very different from fifteen pounds.

Such are the conditions under which animals must live at the bottom of the ocean. They are subjected to enormous pressure, they are absolutely deprived of sunlight; they live in a medium, the temperature of which is only a little above freezing-point; and, as there are no plants for them to eat, they are carnivorous and highly rapacious. Let us take, for instance, a deep-sea fish which naturalists call Tauredophidium; we find it closely allied to those peculiar blind fish which inhabit the underground waters of the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. It is quite blind; underneath the skin, where the eyes usually are, we find mere rudiments of those organs. Or let us take again the deep-sea crustaceans, animals of the crab kind, we find that they are also blind; they have eye-stalks, like their close relatives the lobsters, but the eye-stalks, like those of the peculiar crayfish of the Mammoth Cave just mentioned, carry no eyes.

But other inhabitants of these great ocean depths manufacture, so to speak, their own light, by secreting from their tissues a curious phosphorescent substance which is produced by certain minute glands, as in the fire-fly and glow-worm. Thus many of these strange beings, both fishes and crustaceans, are highly luminous. And in all these cases the eyes are singularly developed, being much larger than usual, and well-provided with blood-vessels and nerves.

If there are no plants growing at the bottom of the deepest waters of the ocean, how are these submarine animals provided with food and oxygen? The surface of the sea, besides its host of seaweeds and larger animals, is crowded with minute organisms, and there is an incessant rain, so to speak, of such small food, both vegetable and animal, from the surface to the depths below. The rivers also convey to the sea a large amount of vegetable food which finds its way to the bottom of the ocean. It is on food derived from these sources that the lower forms of life are supposed to feed. Some species of deep-sea fish are very rapacious; they have immense teeth; and their mouths are capable of opening wider even than the mouth of a serpent. These deep-sea animals are generally of sombre and uniform colors, in harmony with the gloom of their habitation; deep black is a common tint, and dark purple shading off to red and pink.

Grains of Gold.

He that always complains is never pitied.

The same refinement that brings us new pleasures exposes us to new pains.

The virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude.

He that calls one ungrateful sums up all the evil that a man can be guilty of.

This is a manly world we live in. Our reverence is good for nothing if it does not begin with self-respect.

As daylight can be seen through very small holes, so little things will illustrate a person's character.

A wise man ought to hope for the best, be prepared for the worst, and bear with equanimity whatever may happen.

A multitude of the greatest faults in our neighbors are of less consequence to us than one of the smallest in ourselves.

I believe that we cannot live better than in seeking to become better, nor more agreably than having a clear conscience.

Contentment is a pearl of great price, and whoever procures it at the expense of ten thousand desires makes a wise and happy purchase.

Directly any one thinks himself before the last trace of heroism has vanished from him, for the very essence of heroism is that self is forgotten in something out of self.

Femininities.

"You men are a covet-us set," said a young lady.

"I'll never ask another woman to marry me as long as I live!" "Refused again?" "No, accepted."

He: Do you believe there are microbes in kisses? She: I never believe anything without investigation.

Helen: I should like to do something that would make him miserable for life. Florence: Why don't you marry him, pet?

The average mental and physical strength of the women of the royal families of Europe is greater than that of the men.

Aunt: Is your sister improving in her music? Small nephew: I think so. The people next door have decided not to move.

It is stated by a Swiss newspaper that there are no fewer than 5,655 women's societies in that country, with nearly 100,000 members.

One of the old Greek laws provided that, if a man divorced his wife, he could not marry a woman younger than the discarded partner.

George: "I know I'm not worthy of you, but——" Nelly: "Don't say that again; it's of no use worrying over what you can't help."

"There's a period in woman's life when she thinks of nothing but dress." "What period is that?" "From the cradle to the grave."

Ethel: They say that Blanche is to marry a man old enough to be her grandfather. Florence: Why, everybody knows there is no such man.

The school for convict women the Superintendent of the State Penitentiary at Joliet, Ill., started some time ago is meeting with complete success.

A sentimental chap intends to petition Councils for a grant to improve the channels of affection, so that henceforth the "course of true love may run smooth."

New roomer: Is this all the soap there is in the room? Landlady, decidedly: Yes, sir; all I will allow you. New Roomer: Well, I'll take two more rooms. I've got to wash my face in the morning.

Husband, on the honeymoon: Find it dull here? Why, I thought you'd like the quiet of it, darling, at a time! Wife: Oh, Jack dear, what's the use of being a bride without a crowd of other girls to envy one?"

Modern chappie: "Girls always want to marry for love, but, when they grow older, they look after the money." One of the old school: "You express yourself very ungallantly, youngster. Women never grow older; they simply grow wiser."

"The bride's dress was unique and most becoming," says a country paper in its account of a local wedding. "An audible thrill passed over the spectators as she passed down the aisle leaning on the arm of her husband, simply covered with blushes."

In England, the proportion of widows who take a second husband is smaller than that of widowers who take a second wife. Statistics show that in 1896 only 76 widows out of 1,000 accepted another offer of marriage, while as many as 109 widowers to the 1,000 were again married.

Red hands are attributed to a variety of causes—cold feet, imperfect digestion, imperfect circulation, tight gloves and clothing and too much or too little hot water. Ugly hands are not worth a moment's worry. Keep them nice, have the sleeves loose, and the cuff of soft stuff or lace—reaching down to the knuckles.

A new-married lady, who, as in duty bound, was very fond of her husband, notwithstanding his extreme ugliness of person, once said to a witty friend, "What do you think? My husband has laid out fifty dollars for a large baboon on purpose to please me!" "The dear little man!" cried the other. "Well, it's just like him."

"That man Nibley isn't to be trusted. He'd take advantage of you quicker than a wink if he saw a chance to do so."

"How do you know that?"

"I overheard him and his wife in an argument last night, and when he saw that she was getting ahead of him he yelled: 'Look out! There's a mouse!'"

After discoursing at length on the emancipation of women, a female agitator asked her husband, "Supposing women were admitted to govern the affairs of the commonwealth, what post would you assign to me?" "The management of an institution for the deaf and dumb." "Why that?" "Because either those unfortunates would learn to talk or you would learn to keep quiet."

A remarkable case of the recovery of speech and hearing is reported from the Canton of Ticino, in Switzerland. An Italian, aged forty-one years, who five years ago became deaf-mute in consequence of a serious disease, was startled by the sudden appearance of a runaway horse. As he jumped aside to avoid the animal, he uttered a scream, and soon after found that he was able to talk and hear.

Masculinities.

He who says what he likes shall hear what he does not like.

There are men who might be great leaders if they did not try to be drivers.

A: What is your idea of a perfect woman? B: One who acknowledges her faults.

The man who shows that he is vain of having done us a favor pays himself and saves us the trouble.

Extreme ugliness is on the list of disqualifications laid down by the medical department for French conscripts.

Law is like a sieve: you may see through it, but you must be considerably reduced before you can get through it.

It is nonsense to say a man is inclined to be bald. When a man is becoming bald, it is usually quite against his inclination.

A Mr. Moore, who derived his pedigree from Noah, explained it in this manner: Noah had three sons, Shem, Ham and one more.

The walking stick which Prince Charlie left by his bedside when he went forth to the fight at Culloden has been bought by Queen Victoria for $600.

"Love in men is like the distemper in dogs," said a disappointed spinster. "Neither puppies nor men are worth anything till they have had it."

Resident of Maine, proudly: No, sir—the words "whiskey" and "beer" are unknown in this town. "Drummer," in an anxious whisper: What do you ask for?

"What makes you think he loves me so desperately?" she asked. "Oh, a thousand little things?" he replied. "He always looks pleased, for instance, when you sing and play."

There was a Camden man who, talking to a friend, said that, when he started in business, he "hadn't a dollar." "Well," asked his friend, "where are you now?" "Thousands in debt!" was the reply.

Teacher: What is the difference between industry and luck? Boy: One door. Teacher: Humph! How do you explain that? Boy: Industry is what you has yourself. Luck is what your neighbor has.

Sheridan, the famous English wit, sometimes got the worst of it. He having boasted that in his establishment everything went on "like clock-work," a friend smartly observed, "Ay, ay, the whole goes on tick, I suppose." A repartee which was too true to the improvident wit.

Napoleon the First was a very awkward dancer. On one occasion he danced with a beautiful countess, who could not conceal her blushes at his ridiculous postures. On leading her to her seat he remarked, "The fact is, madam, that my forte lies not so much in dancing myself as in making others dance."

The authorities at one time were so firmly convinced that Europeans could not live in India without alcoholic stimulants that they discouraged the formation of temperance societies among the soldiers. Opinion is now altogether changed, and the English soldiers in India include no fewer than 20,000 total abstainers.

The telephone is a great institution. Little Binks always wanted to tell big Brasher that he thought him a mendacious scoundrel, so he rang him up on the wire the other morning and did it. "Oh, I am, am I?" roared Brasher, furiously. "I am, eh? Well, I'll fix you when we meet. Who are you?" "None of your darn business," said little Binks, and to this moment Brasher doesn't know who did it.

An Englishman traveling on the Continent engaged the services of a smart courier, and, on arriving at an inn one evening, he sent him for the travelers' register, that he might enter his name, in accordance with the Austrian police regulations.

The man replied that he had anticipated his wishes, and registered him as an "English gentleman of independent means."

"But how did you write my name?"

"I can't exactly pronounce it, but I copied it faithfully from milor's portmanteau."

"But it is not there. Bring me the book."

Great was the traveler's amazement at finding, instead of a very plain English name of two syllables, the following portentous entry—"Monsier Warranteds-oidleather."

While in the United States the English Dean Hole picked up this anecdote of General Grant's boyhood. We quote from the Dean's Little Tour in America. He was sent by his father, when he was only eight years of age, to buy a horse, and, as soon as he met with the seller, he accosted him with all the simplicity of youth: "Papa says that I am first to offer you twenty dollars, and, if you won't take it, twenty-two dollars and a half, and, if you still refuse, I am to offer twenty-five dollars, but I am not to give more." The proprietor of the steed, having carefully considered the proposals, elected to sell at twenty-five dollars, and informed the purchaser, to whom he presented an apple with the receipt, that he hoped to see him again whenever his papa was buying horses.

Latest Fashion Phases.

Lace grenadines in colors, over silk slips, are among the choicest gowns worn now. Real lace skirts come from the lace-maker's hand in perfect shape, without seams, and fitted to the hips as smoothly as possible, while flaring at the bottom according to the latest model. Black and white lace gowns are a feature of this season's wardrobes.

They are either hung over silk slips of color or else trimmed with a vivid tone of green or rose ribbon. The foundation of many of these rich dresses is white organdie or mousseline de soie, strewn over which, in conventional stripes or plaids, are yards and yards of black lace insertion.

Plain mousselines, greatly ornamented with insertions or applique of laces, requiring an untold amount of time to make, have taken precedence of flounced thin materials this season; and while they are choice they are uncommon, because so costly, and not within the possibilities of the average modiste.

Mull and white organdie ties, ribbon width, passed twice round the throat, with hemstitched or lace trimmed ends, tied in front in a bow, are the freshest and smartest finish for the neck of forenoon lawns or dimities.

For dressy seaside gowns the full blouse-waist refuses to give way to anything, and the very smartest style evolved from this established favorite is the belted blouse-coat, called in Paris casaque. There are, of course, many variations of this, also; it is double or single breasted, or it parts in the centre from throat to belt to disclose a very full front of lace-trimmed, tucked or plaited chiffon; it may also lap diagonally in surplice fashion, and have only one revers.

Sometimes it is cut in the old style of a simple, half-fitting sacque—hence the Paris name; but many of them have the basque added below, so as to avoid the fulness under the belt.

Fancy silks used in combination with a plain wool fabric make charming and stylish gowns that appear quite elaborate, and yet are fabricated with a moderate amount of effort.

One design is a gown of mastic cashmere, which is used for the skirt, sleeves and draped revers. The body of the waist, which is of the belted blouse order, is of mastic-colored silk with large cross-bars of black, and a green central figure.

The basque is cut separate, so that each figure is in the centre of a tab, the edges finished with a black silk galon. The belt and collar are of green taffetas. Points of the green silk are set in the top of the collar with a ruche of white lace. The same lace is used to adorn the draped revers.

The back of the waist is cut in one piece and bulges slightly over the belt. The fitted lining and blouse are quite separate, being joined only at the neck, waist and arm-sizes. The same shape is much liked for wash fabrics, such as duck, pique, etc., and in these the fitted lining is often omitted.

The latest novelty for the coming season is a round cape from twenty-six to thirty inches long, with closely lying plait in the back. The cape is of moire silk, and embroidered all over with trailing plush application. The several figures are surrounded with silk stitch or soutache, while the empty places are filled in with bead figures.

The entire cape is worked upon silk lining and interlined with flannel. The high storm collar is of fur—shunk, thibet or Persian lamb. Matelasses also are enhanced with embroideries; the single figures, such as leaves, flowers, etc., are surrounded with beads. With other patterns the ground is filled with seed beads, but the figures are not ornamented.

Plain capes are being ordered in large quantities. They are of sequimo, and garnished all around with several rows of machine stitching, also stuff bands and braid garnitures. These capes generally have folds in the back. They are also trimmed with embroidery and ready-made passementerie collar.

The dolman costume will comply with a real want next fall; the skirt is tight and moderately short. The sack-like bodice is of a loose fit, both front and back, and about twenty-five inches long. The back is held by an elastic band, but, contrary to the style with box plaits, the band is not fastened to the side, whereby a sort of half-sacque is produced.

A very stylish gown is made of violet canvas, with the skirt cut in the circular shape and garnished at the foot with two clusters of small horizontal tucks.

The blouse bodice is composed of alternate groups of perpendicular tucks and black lace insertion. In the front it is enriched with a square plaited plastron of white chiffon, and a frill of violet silk which trims the left side where the bodice closes.

The collar is of black satin ribbon with a heading of white chiffon which also, adorns the back; the sash of black ribbon is tied at the back. The sleeves are made in the prevailing style with frills of violet silk at the hands.

The hat to be worn with this gown is of violet straw trimmed with plaited violet silk and a garland of white roses.

A charming hat of the Louis XVI style is of white rice straw hemmed by a cord of white roses without foliage. A large bunch of the same flowers turns the hat up in the back, while below is a knot of black velvet.

Hardly a bodice now is untrimmed behind. The sash or belt, with its buckle or bow, presents the first bit of trimming there, while the motif of the front is almost invariably repeated in all its elaboration upon the back.

A gown having a short round bolero jacket edged with a band of the Eastern embroidery on sac de raisin, which continues up the round fronts about the low neck to the slight point behind and then right down the centre of the bolero back, is one model; while the whole array of tuckings and puffings, ruffles and ruches, great Xs of insertion and vandykes of ribbon, as well as blousey masses of chiffon are lavished upon the back with profusion to that upon the front.

A very smart gown is made of white taffeta, with the skirt covered with a series of flounces shaped to the form. On the blouse is a sort of bolero of embroidery with large open-work designs laid over lawn. The belt is of black taffeta ribbon, with two very long flaps in the back. The hat is one of those pretty straw flats bent with an exquisite art. The flat is of a very warm, beautiful shade of violet, with, as a trimming, a beautiful bow of violet of a deeper shade, made piquant by a pretty jewel. To stiffen the bows and make them at the same time lighter, double velvet is no longer used, but the edge is finished by a hem.

Many samples of coming handkerchiefs have centers of solid colors—colors, not tints—with borders in contrasting colors, plaids, checks, polka dots, and pronounced floral designs.

Other handkerchiefs appear to be thin bits of colored muslin, over which small flowers or leaves are strewn. To a careless observer they seem nothing more or less than hemstitched squares of printed lawn. Close inspection shows a linen of the daintiest quality, with a regular and generally highly artistic design, stamped as distinctly on one side as the other.

Black, navy blue, scarlet, and brown handerchiefs embroidered in white, black, or contrasting colors are to be used by travelers, and should always correspond in color with the toilet.

It is necessary that the hat be shaped to the head, that it rest upon the coiffure. It is a great talent to be able to arrange the hair in such a manner that the hair and the hat be adapted to each other.

Thus, the straw flats so cleverly bent are becoming only when they are well adapted to the head, posing harmoniously upon the skin.

An attempt is being made to restore to favor the lace handkerchief with more ample dimensions, for evening. In place of the small one which is held entirely in the hand they wish to introduce a more formal hankerchief trimmed with deep lace.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

One of the most frequent and trying annoyances of housekeeping is the obstruction to the free, quick out-let of the waste-water of the washstand, the bath and the kitchen-sink.

This is caused by a gradual accumulation of small bits of refuse material, paper, rags, meats, bones, or grease, which check and finally entirely stop the outflow of the waste-water, and then the plumber is called to remove the stoppage with his force-pump.

Sometimes it is effective, at others the offending waste-pipe is cut out and a new one put in its place at considerable cost. But the plumber is not always near at hand or free to come at one's call, and the matter demands immediate attention.

A simple inexpensive method of cleaning the pipe is as follows:

Just before retiring at night pour into the pipe enough liquid soda-lye to fill the "trap," as it is called, or bent portions of the pipe just below the outlet—about a pint will suffice for a washstand, or quart for a bath or kitchen-sink.

Be sure that no water runs into it till next morning. During the night the lye will convert all the grease in the pipe into soft-soap, and the first current of water in the morning will remove it entirely with other substances, and leave the pipe as clean as new.

Crust cases in which to serve various minces, creamed macaronis, chicken flakes or any of the make ups of a meal are made from thick slices of slightly stale baker's bread.

Trim off the crust, and with a cutter make rounds of the easily shaped heart of the slices. Hollow those out in the middle, leaving a rim, dip in milk and fry in plenty of fat to a golden brown. Dry on blotting paper a few minutes before filling them with whatever is arranged.

A hanging bookshelf may be rendered more ornamental if made with the lower shelf extending on either side so as to form a bracket for a vase or piece of bric-a-brac. It is also easy to construct one with a small cupboard inclosing the two lower shelves or with portions of two shelves irregularly railed off to hold curios.

An admirable dignity and grace is frequently given to the plainest face by the addition of some tiara, star or other arrangement in the hair, placed well forward, to obtain that smart, piquant appearance which every one agrees is so desirable, and there is no particular necessity that anything shall be real, for jewels are one of the few things which escape the searching analysis of the day. That the glitter is not always that of diamonds affects us not at all, the only imperative demand being that we shall indubitably glitter—if not by real means, then by sham.

It is impossible to conceive a more serviceable present for the girl of social instincts than one of these most excellent imitation stars or bands, the which she will pin, as described, in her bonny brown hair and depart to the fray, safe in the thought so far as her coiffure is concerned she is profoundly correct.

An agreable change in the conventional portiere is to have for a door that is not constantly used a set of hangings consisting of two side curtains and a deep valance, the former hung upon rods, so that they may be opened, if need be, but which are for the most part kept closed. These should be of some heavy material, of which there is a wide choice, running up and down the scale of cost.

Among the more expensive fabrics velvet or some one of the thick, plain surfaced goods of the broadcloth order may be satisfactorily used.

A cigar box set on end makes a doll's wardrobe if furnished with rows of small white tacks on which to hang the little dresses. A little varnish or polish will improve it. The lid may be firmly hinged for the door, and if a small mirror with a tiny, narrow frame be fastened to the door it will give the little wardrobe a very pretty effect. A strong, nicely finished soap box or dry goods box may be converted into a doll's house by setting it on end and running several shelflike partitions across to divide it into rooms. The rooms may be carpeted and papered, the outside sandpapered and painted, and small windows and doors will complete it.

Many ladies are condemning the excessive use of lace as a table decoration. That it is beautiful goes without saying; that it is inappropriate is also obvious upon the slightest thought. Table clothing is essentially a modern idea. Royalty and nobility for ages employed tables whose surface was precious wood, marble, bronze, alabaster or mosaic.

Cut glass articles require more care in washing than those made of plain glass, on account of the inequalities of the thickness of the glass, caused by the cutting. These make the glass shrink and swell irregularly and increases its liability to crack.

In making cocoanut cakes use the following ingredients: One cocoanut, carefully skinned and grated; the milk of the same; one pound and a half of powdered sugar; as much water as you have cocoanut milk, and the whites of three eggs. Dissolve one pound of sugar in the milk and water; stew until it becomes a ropy syrup, and turn out into a buttered dish. Have ready the beaten white of an egg, with the remaining half-pound of sugar whipped into it; mix with this the grated cocoanut, and little by little, beating all the while, the boiled syrup, as soon as it cools sufficiently not to scald the eggs. Drop in tablespoonfuls upon buttered papers. Try one first, and if it runs, beat in more sugar. Bake in a very moderate oven, watching to prevent scorching. They should not be allowed to brown at all; and although they will keep for some time, are best when quite fresh.

Puff Pudding.—One quart of boiling milk, nine tablespoonfuls of flour; when cold add a little salt and four well-beaten eggs. Bake in a buttered dish, and serve with lemon juice thickened to a paste with brown sugar.

Jumbles.—One cut of butter, two cups of sugar, three eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, two of best cream of tartar; use half cup of warm water to disolve the soda, flavor with vanilla or lemon, thicken with flour, and roll out thin.

Apple Fritters.—Make a batter of the yolks of three eggs well beaten, one gill of milk, four heaping teaspoonfuls of flour, and a tablespoonful of salt, well-mixed. The apples, which have been peeled, cored and cut in round slices, are dipped in this batter and fried a delicate brown in boiling fat. Sprinkle with powdered sugar, and serve.

Chicken Hash.—Mince cold roast or boiled chicken, but not very fine and to a cupful of meat add two tablespoonfuls of good butter, half a cup of milk, enough minced onion to give a slight flavor, and salt, pepper and mace to taste. Stew it, taking care to stir it, and serve daintily with a garnish of parsley. Every particle of bone must be subtracted.

Macaroni and Tomatoes.—Take a quantity of tomatoes, cut them up, and remove from each the pips and watery substance it contains; put them into a saucepan, with a small piece of butter, pepper, salt, a bay leaf and some thyme; add a few spoonfuls of either stock or gravy; keep stirring on the fire until they are reduced to a pulp, pass them through a hair-sieve, and dress the macaroni with the sauce and plenty of Parmesan cheese grated.

Muffins.—To one pint of new milk stir in a well-beaten egg, a heaping-teaspoonful of butter, a teacup of yeast, salt to your taste; thicken with flour to a soft dough; when light drop a tablespoonful at a time on flat tins.

Royal Corn Cakes.—One pint of fine corn meal, four tablespoonfuls of wheat flour, one quart of milk, three eggs, salt to your taste. Mix the meal and flour with the milk, beat the eggs very light, and add them. Bake on a griddle or in the oven, and serve hot with fresh butter.

Creamed Potatoes.—Put into a saucepan two tablespoonfuls of butter, a little minced parsley, salt and pepper to taste; stir to hissing, add a small cup of milk (with a pinch of soda), when hot, a teaspoonful of flour, stir until it boils; chop cold boiled potatoes, put into the cream, and serve as soon as they begin to boil.

Walnut Hair Dye.—The simplest form is the expressed juice of the bark or shell of green walnuts. To preserve this juice, a little rectified spirits may be added to it, with a few bruised cloves, and the whole digested together, with occasional agitation for a week or fortnight, when the clear portion is decanted, and, if necessary, filtered. Sometimes, only a little common salt is added to preserve the juice. It should be kept in a cool place.

Lavender Water.—Best English lavender, four drachms; oil of cloves, half a drachm; musk, five grains; best spirits of wine, six ounces; water, one ounce. Mix the oil of lavender with a little spirits first, then add the other ingredients, and let it stand, being well corked for at least two months before it is used, shaking it frequently.

To Increase the Growth of Hair.—Take of mutton suet, one pound; best white wax, four ounces; essence of bergamot and lemon, of each, three drachms; oil of lavender and thyme, of each, one drachm. Mix the suet and wax over a gentle fire and then add the perfumes.

FROM a worldly point of view, politeness is the best stock-in-trade one can possess. It has opened more doors for advancement than any faculty, genius, or art, because for strangers there is no other way to judge another's character than by externals. Even the spurious politeness which is assumed for certain purposes, or to accomplish certain ends, has a degree of success because it overcomes perjudice and wins good opinions.

A Father's Sin.

BY A. C. A.

"I SUPPOSE I can accept, sir, and take Tom and a couple of mounts," said young Reggie Willington to his father.

The squire of Mursey made no reply for a moment or two. It all came back to him so vividly. He too had, six-and-twenty years ago, hunted for a season with the Parret. It was just three months before he married Reggy's mother, who had died at Reggie's birth.

"I should like it immensely," added Reggie.

Then Mr. Willington shook off his unpleasant vein of reminiscence.

"You can't do better, my boy," he said gaily. "You'll meet a new set, and make acquaintance with a new country. The jumps are stiff, and there's a lot of wire about the Parret ground, but it'll be capital training for you—capital."

"Thanks very much, sir!" said Reggie junior, delighted, and he went off straight to talk it over with the Willington head groom.

As for the squire, he lit a cigar, strolled into the conservatory, sat down on an iron chair, and, with his feet on the pipes, gave way to reverie once more. He couldn't help it, somehow.

He saw himself when he was his son's age—rather more, to be precise—and when he had the luck to be asked to spend a whole season with the master of the Parret Hunt.

It was the Lady Alicia, the master's second daughter, whom he married.

That explained things in a sense.

But from a certain December day onward to a certain day less easy to particularize, it was Minnie Stagg, just a common gamekeeper's daughter, with whom he was in love.

How well he remembered that first chance meeting with her! His mount had fallen lame, and he was making the best of his lonely way to a railway station, when he must needs call at a trim thatched cottage by a woodside for directions. This was Minnie's home, and she was alone at the time.

What eyes and shape and color the girl had, to be sure! She was not altogether the shy, rustic beauty either, for though she showed glorious embarrassment under his gaze for about a minute, that soon passed.

He rested for twenty memorable minutes in that cottage, with the grandfather clock ticking before him, and Minnie's dark eyes eating into his heart at every tick. This was their introduction, and when they parted he kissed the girl and made appointments for the future.

In all he supposed they met twenty times or more between then and March.

What a poor thing the pale stately Lady Alicia seemed in comparison with this magnificent child of the woods!

And the latter certainly loved him as much as the former: he had no reason to doubt it. Did she not, one day, open her bodice and show him his photograph (which she had begged from him) worn next to her heart?

But in March the end came. He did not say a word about it, when he held her in his arms for the last time, though she seemed a little suspicious about the passion in his kisses.

"And when shall I be Mrs. Rutland, Reggie?" she asked him afterwards, for he had used a false name with her.

"Just as soon as circumstances will permit, my sweet," he had replied; and in a sense it was true.

And that was all. He left the county the next day, and the land the following evening, returning only in time for his marriage at St. Philip's, Regent Street.

Nor was it until months afterwards that Minnie Stagg even guessed that the Reginald Willington who had wedded the Lady Alicia was the Reginald Rutland of her wild, beautiful day-dream.

Ere then, however, Minnie had done wearing Reggie's portrait next her heart. She came of a superstitious stock, with some gipsy blood in it.

And so she first stabbed Reggie's cardboard presentment to its cardboard heart, and then cursed Reggie himself with all the language she could command. Somewhat later, she wedded a plain middle-aged farmer.

It was not a pleasant episode of his life, and the squire of Mursey soon threw his cigar away and joined his son in the stables. And he quite cleared his head of its cobwebs by dinner time in a spanking run with the hounds.

"My boy," he said as they sat together over their wine that night, "I could envy you your time at the Parret, I do assure you."

Young Reginald's first run with the Parret warmed his blood. He was delighted with the look of things.

But the second morning what must he do but spill abominably in taking a fence between two fields of the Greyfriars farm. It was annoying, also, for the three or four men who pulled up to look after him.

"Can't you get up?" asked one of them quite plaintively; it was such a splendid day.

Young Reggie tried hard, and then fainted. It was excusable both that he failed and fainted. No man can put pressure on a broken leg without being made to suffer for it.

Then the others carried him to the Greyfriars farm—a snug, ivied stone house near.

"Comfort, my girl," said one of the men, "here's a sick man for you to look after, and despatch Simpkins for Dr. Green quickly."

Comfort Bonner blushed in the presence of the gentlemen. She was famous for her beauty, though only seventeen, and she knew it. It it had been anyone but her father's own brother who had thus asked for her she would not have shown her face.

"Your mother will know what to do," Uncle Tom added. "And now, gentlemen, I really think we may tail off after the others."

They did so, leaving Comfort alone with Reggie, who already showed signs of returning consciousness. But Comfort herself felt queer, and fetched her mother from a neighbor's, having sent off Simkins on the mare.

And it was with these two women by his side that Reggie at length opened his eyes and murmured, "Hullo! what's happened?"

His gaze stayed upon Comfort.

"You have had an accident hunting," said the elder woman. "The doctor is sent for. Can we inform your friends?"

"Is it much?" Reggie asked, still staring at Comfort.

"A broken leg, we fear."

"Oh! Well, let us make sure first. My name is Willington—Reginald Willington, and I'm staying with the Murrays of Hurst. But if I can't be moved, I——"

"Why, mother, of course he can't be moved, can he?" exclaimed Comfort, and her rosy cheeks and blue eyes now quite won Reggie's heart.

But Mrs. Bonner, after a piercing look at Reggie, had turned away. It was just as well they could not see the working of her face. When she spoke next, it was with a hard tone that almost startled her daughter.

"We must hear what Dr. Green advises," she murmured; "but as my daughter says, Mr. Willington, you must, if necessary, be made at home here."

"Thanks, indeed—a thousand thanks," murmured Reggie on his part, still with his eyes on Comfort. But a shoot of pain made him suddenly wince and shut his eyes.

And Comfort also winced, with a pretty wrinkle to her brows, in sympathy with him.

When next they looked into each other's eyes the mischief was done.

Dr. Green had no doubt about the broken leg, and also about the advisability of Reggie's staying where he was.

The Murrays drove over daily to see him, and bring him little comforts. But these solaces were in only a day or two as nothing to him compared with the flesh and blood Comfort who waited on him with smiles and happy looks.

Reggie's father came over, of course, and was easily persuaded to let well alone. Strange to say, he saw neither Mrs. Bonner nor Comfort on either of the two occasions.

He could not understand why his son should be so contented with a garden of fuchsias and a lot of venerable novels.

It was in the second week that Reggie burst the bounds of prudence.

"Comfort, dear," he whispered one afternoon as he glided his arm round the girl's slender waist, when she sat by him, "I want to keep you in my life for ever and ever. Will you give me a kiss?"

Then, with tears of joy in her eyes, the girl stood up and put her lips to Reggy's cheek.

But he held her down, and she did not struggle, tearing for his leg; and when he let her go he had kissed her again and again upon the lips.

"And now fetch that ten-pound Bible from the side table," he said, pointing to the huge brass-bound volume.

"Why?" she asked, with sparkling eyes.

"Leave that to me, but fetch it."

It was put upon a little table by the sofa.

"Join hands with me over it," Reggie continued, and wondering, she still obeyed him.

"And say after me," 'I swear to marry you, Reginald Willington, whenever you require me to do so.'"

To her own wonder subsequently, the girl did what Reggie asked her to do.

"There," said Reggie triumphantly, "and now we are quite as much married as if we were already man and wife, sweet Comfort."

That evening Comfort told her mother what had happened. Reggie had not forbidden her.

"Ah!" gasped Mrs. Bonner, as she drew a deep breath. "Come and let me look at you, girl."

She gazed with a set face into her daughter's eyes.

"Yes," said Mrs. Bonner, as if musingly, "I warrant you're as tough as I was, and it's no wonder he's fond of you."

This was all the congratulation or discouragement she received. To both herself and Reggie it seemed that they might be satisfied. After this their love grew and became more and more demonstrative for those who had eyes to see its signs.

"It is time," said Mrs. Bonner one morning. She had begun to be afraid lest she might damage her daughter more than would be consistent with her scheme of vengeance.

And so she went off to Mursey Hall, and saw Mr. Willington. Having first convinced him that she was the Minnie Stagg of his old day-dream, she next told him what she had done to humble his pride.

"Your son worships my daughter, but he will be sent about his business as you scorned me long ago. Before Heaven, I believe he loves her as I loved you," she said.

The blow struck home. For a moment or two Mr. Willington felt that he was now making full atonement for his old sin.

"May I see my son at your house?" he asked.

"By all means," said Mrs. Bonner, who then preceded her old lover back to her home.

But when they reached the farm she was greeted somewhat uproariously by her brother-in-law, Tom Bonner, and shyly by her daughter.

"Let me introduce you to Mrs. Reginald Willington, Minnie," said Tom Bonner. "It was a bit of a plot, and we worked it out while you were away. Between us, Mr. Willington and myself, we got over the parson, and Miss Comfort didn't want much getting over.

"And so they were tied up precisely at twelve o'clock to-day in the front parlor. And, between you and me, Minnie, it ought to turn out well, for she's a girl of sense, and he has the look and speech of an honest young fellow."

"This, then, was the household to which Willington came late in the day.

"I'm the happiest man alive, sir," were young Reginald's first words, as he presented his wife.

"Atonement or retribution, call it what you will," said the squire of Mursey to Mrs. Bonner, "there's nothing more to be said. Let us part friends. Your daughter is still your daughter, and she is mine as well."

And Comfort proved as good as her name.

BREACH OF PROMISE.—Among the poor and some of the richer orthodox Jews there exists a practice, which, if it does not exactly do away with breach-of-promise action, renders the necessity for such very remote.

Directly an engagement is decided upon, a party is given. There is much rejoicing in honor of the occasion, but the main object of the gathering is the drawing up of a deed of contract, the parties to which are the affianced couple and their parents. These deeds are much in request, and can be obtained printed in (Yiddish) for a very small sum.

Blank spaces are left for the signatures, as well as others which can be filled in according to the exigencies of each particular case.

The parents of the bride contract to celebrate the wedding, to pay all the expenses thereof, and to provide their daughter with divers kitchen utensils and with "a full and complete supply of raiment, the garments for the day" ordinary week-day), "the raiment for Sabbaths and holidays, even unto her marriage robes," and there are stipulations as to the dowry.

The bridegroom undertakes to make certain presents before the wedding, usually a ring or two, and perhaps a watch and chain; but these are not regarded as essentials. The date of the wedding is fixed, but it can be postponed by mutual consent, as indeed it often is.

Many other stipulations are laid down, but the most important is the one which determines the "fine" to be paid to the one, in the event of a breach of contract by the other.

One great advantage of this deed, which is duly signed by the affianced couple and their parents, and witnessed by some of the guests, is that there can be no doubt as to the promise of marriage, such as is possible when love-letters are the one and only consideration on which to base a judgment.

The marriage usually follows in due course, and it is rarely necessary to have to make one of the parties pay the fine. It is even questionable whether it could be enforced.

It is true that on application by the aggrieved party to the judges appointed by the Jewish ecclesiastical authorities, the other would be called before them and ordered to pay up.

These judges, however, have no real power to enforce the order, however great their spiritual influence might be, and in this last extremity an appeal could be made to law.

There was one such case in the courts some time back, and the jury, though not recognizing its validity (it was unstamped), approved of the business-like and straightforward document, and decided accordingly, with the addition of costs.

SLAVERY IN ENGLAND.—There existed in England, at the Conquest, no free hands, or freemen, who worked for wages; the scanty labor of times warlike and industrious was wholly performed by villains or by slaves.

The latter, who composed a very numerous class, equally formed an object of foreign trade for ages after the arrival of the Conqueror, who only prohibited the sale of them to infidels. But the slaves had happily departed from the land before the reign of Henry III.

This we may infer from the law declaring, in 1225, "how men of all sorts shall be amerced;" and it (9 Henry III. c. 14) only mentions villains, freemen (though probably not in the modern sense), merchants, barons, earls, and men of the church.

Another order of men is alluded to, rather than mentioned, during the same session, whom we shall find, in after times, rising to great importance, from their numbers and opulence; and a woollen manufacture was regulated by the Act (c. 25) which required that "there should be but one measure throughout the realm."

During several reigns after the Conquest men labored because they were slaves. For some years before the statutes for laborers of 1349 and 1350, men were engaged to labor, from a sense of their own freedom and their own wants.

It is extremely difficult to ascertain the time when villanage ceased in England, or even to trace its decline. The Edwards, during the pressure of their foreign conquests, certainly manumitted many of their former villains for money.

Owing to the previous paucity of inhabitants, the numerous armies, which, for almost a century, desolated the nation, amidst the civil wars, must have been necessarily composed of the lower ranks; and we may reasonably suppose that the men, who had been brought from the drudgery of slavery, to contend as soldiers for the honor of nobles and the rights of kings, would not readily relinquish the honorable sword for the meaner ploughshare.

The church and the law, moreover, were not ready in enforcing the master's claim to the servitude of his villains; and, in the progress of events, it was discovered that the purchased labor of freeman was more productive than the listless and ignoble toil of slaves.

There were accordingly few villains in England at the accession of Henry VII. A century before, the manufactures of wool, with their attendant artificers, had fixed the seats of their industry in every county.

Like his two immediate predecessors, that monarch turned the attention of the Parliament to agriculture and manufacture, to commerce and navigation.

THERE is a form of selfishness which includes family and near friends, another which embraces native land as well, and, finally, one which takes in humanity, and is thus selfishly devoted to the unity that makes of one family all the nations of the earth. As the sphere widens the soul receives love for love. This is the love that bestoweth, not that which graspeth. Mark the difference, for selfishness is but a form of love, and love is but a form of selfishness.

Humorous.

A SHORT STORY.
CHAPTER I.
Lonely maiden on the beach.
CHAPTER II.
Carried far beyond her reach.
CHAPTER III.
Shark attracted by the sound.
FINIS.
Saves the maid from being drowned.
—U. N. NOSE.

In vain!—The letter V.

For the land's sake—Fertilizer.

A lover of old books—The moth.

A parting gift—A brush and comb.

Men of letters—Post-office sorters.

Even pointed remarks may be blunt.

The way of the world—Round the sun.

Easier to break than to mend—Silence.

Courting after marriage—Applying for a divorce.

A close friend—The one who never lends you anything.

What insect does a tall father represent?—A daddy-long-legs.

Guest: This stew has a hair in it.
Waiter: Well, didn't you order rabbit stew?

Surgeon: You are bruised all over, I see.
Patient: Yes; I came in the ambulance van.

From a melodrama—"Sir, give me a glass of water, for I am so hungry that I have nowhere to lay my head!"

A writer on school discipline says: Without a liberal use of the rod it is impossible to make boys smart.

Why are crockery-ware dealers unlike all other shopkeepers?—Because it won't do for them to crack up their goods.

Maggie, to Canadian cousin: Do you have reindeer in Canada?
Billy, quickly: Yes, Maggie; but in the winter it sometimes snows.

"Tell me—when you were in the army, were you cool in the hour of danger?" she asked.
"Cool? I actually shivered!" he replied.

Critic: Where did you get the idea for that picture?
Painter: Out of my head.
Critic: You must be glad that it is out!

Magistrate: What excuse have you for breaking the complainant's head?
Prisoner: Force of circumstances, sir. He wouldn't hand over his watch without it.

Hospital physician, with a view to diagnosis: What do you drink?
New patient, cheering up at the proposal: Oh, sir—thank you, sir—whatever you—I leave that to you, sir!

Here is an extract from the prospectus of a hotel in Switzerland, published in a newspaper at Berne: "Weissbach, in the Bernese Oberland, is the favorite place of resort for those who are fond of solitude are, in fact, constantly flocking there from the four quarters of the globe."

"Well, Johnnie, you went to church this morning?"
"Yes, papa."
"How did you like the sermon?"
"The beginning was good, and the end was good; but there was too much middle to it, papa."

A benevolent old gentleman found a little girl not more than two or three years old lost and crying bitterly. In vain he asked her where she lived and what her name was; she turned a deaf ear to all his inquiries. At last he said, "My dear, please tell me your name. Do try to recollect. It can't be so very long since you were baptized."

"I can't smoke this cigar much longer," said Tomkins, as he worried with a stub.
"No," said some one present, "and you can't smoke it much shorter."
Tomkins gave the imbecile one a pitying glance, and then hailed a car and went home with a sad heart.

A book canvasser went into a barber's shop and asked the proprietor if he could sell him an encyclopedia.
"What's that?" asked the barber.
"It's a book that contains information on every subject in the world."
There was a victim in the chair, and he put in feebly, "He doesn't need it."

Two Glasgow gentlemen who spent the Sabbath in Arran have come home with a story. They had gone for a walk at the time when, if at home, they might have been at church, and asked at a little farm on the roadside if they could be supplied with a glass of milk. The gudewife of the house, a middle-aged Highland-spoken woman, made no reply, but brought a dish of milk and signed to our friends to help themselves. They did, then asked how much there was to pay. "Weel, said she, "I wadna sell milk on the Lord's gude day, gentlemen; you can just gie the chiel a shillin'!"

FADS AND FADDISTS.

"He is a faddist." This uncomplimentary epithet is frequently applied to persons whose tendencies have persistently an unorthodox bent. Yet in reality nearly everyone is the slave of some little fad.

A constant anxiety as to their health affects not a few physically sound individuals. One robust gentleman, residing in a boarding-house, was compelled to leave because his fellow-boarders strongly objected to a particular manifestation of his little weakness.

Living in perpetual fear of "microbes," he invariably placed a few drops of diluted carbolic acid upon his serviette at meal times.

This perfume proved far from being an appetiser to the other guests. They complained, and the offender elected to change his quarters rather than discontinue his hygienic precautions.

Imitating the example of the famous violinist, Paganini, who, whenever he arrived at an hotel, at once indulged in what he was pleased to term an air bath, another individual imagined that his lungs were being affected unless the window of his room was open.

Even in winter time the wind was allowed free access to play round the chilly occupant of the apartment, who frequently sat at his desk clad in an overcoat.

A well-known merchant, imbued with a horror of catching cold, has always beside his fire a simmering coffee-pot. Returning from a business call on a wet day he invariably drinks a small cup of coffee.

When the faddist is a lady, fire and burglars are frequently her horror. One such victim, a schoolmistress, was always worrying, after retiring to rest, as to whether any of the gas jets might have been left on.

Every night she personally turned off all the taps, but even then often remained awake for an hour wondering if she could have missed any.

No servant or pupil was allowed to possess a match, and in winter time, when the fires had been laid, the mistress herself set light to them. Sad to relate, the young ladies in the seminary were very fond of allowing the gas to escape for a time in order to give their preceptress a fright.

Another lady manipulated the gas main for a different reason. She had heard that when burglars entered the house their first act was to turn off the gas at the meter.

For this reason she every night took away the key of the gas meter and hid it. Several times in one season her house had to be lit up with candles until, with pincers or pliers, the gas could be again turned on, the lady having quite forgotten where on the previous evening the key had been deposited.

"I am firmly of opinion that every fog one is obliged to dee out in materially shortens one's span of existence." Such was the belief of a gentleman slightly cracked on the weather. In order that his own length of years should not in this way be abbreviated, he invented and used an article which he christened a fog pipe.

In the bowl cotton-wood was lightly packed and sprinkled with eucalyptus oil. And, ignoring the use of his nose, through this pipe the fog-fearer breathed as much air as possible.

A faddist of the first water was an individual who had a great dread of lightning. Residing in a detached house, he cut down all the surrounding trees and reduced the height of his chimneys.

A fringe of lightning conductors ornamented the edges of his roof, while elsewhere iron was, wherever possible, replaced by wood. When a thunderstorm came on this cautious gentleman emptied his pockets of money, took off his watch and chain, and retired to a room in the exact centre of his fortress.

Reading an account of a metal button on a soldier's tunic which, turning aside a bullet, saved the wearer's life, another person, in no way likely ever to form a human target, resolved to protect his heart from accident. Thenceforward he always carried a half-dollar piece in his watch pocket.

And speaking of money, the owner of a "lucky" cent may be referred to. One day, having imbibed more than was advisable, he inadvertently paid away this coin of fortune. Proceeding home he slipped and fell, hurting himself rather badly.

Soon afterwards he discovered the loss of his talismanic token; and, conveniently ignoring the fact that he had been drinking rather freely, attributed his accident to the former cause.

And he spent the rest of his days changing money at every opportunity, searching among the coppers he acquired to regain possession of the penny that controlled his luck.

A certain bachelor of considerable wealth had a mania for continually moving into a new house. On one such occasion a black cat was found sitting at the door of the future residence.

The tenancy that ensued proved an extremely satisfactory one, and when the roving spirit again seized him and the restless tenant once more resolved to move, he was for ever observing to his servants, "I do hope our lucky cat will turn up."

It did. The servants saw to that. No sooner was the door of the new residence opened than out popped a sable pussy. "There she is," cried the delighted incomer. "I knew she'd come. Good luck! I'll give you a dollar apiece as a present. Marvellous to relate, on three occasions after that the same thing happened, and each of the three servants drew the same coin.

But the fourth time the cat which the man-servant had captured escaped from its basket and, to the horror of the plotters, darted away when the furniture car arrived.

What was to be done? At that crisis the wit of the kitchen maid saved them. In five seconds a scheme was hatched. Holding the key of the door in his hand the master advanced, trembling with excitement. As he reached the step the man-servant, standing at the gate raised a cry: "Quick, sir, the cat!"

Back rushed the old gentleman. Glaring where the finger of his servant pointed, his delighted eyes beheld a splendid black tail that appeared round the corner wall. The servant gave a loud whistle of astonishment; the tail disappeared.

To the corner the tenant tore, and there collided with the kitchen maid. "The cat, sir!" she cried, pointing excitedly down the side road with one hand, whilst the other was held behind her. "A big black Persian, sir. Just jumped into that garden."

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No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.
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FOR WIGS, INCHES.

No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 2.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

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Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov. 29, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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The old gentleman beamed. "Wonderful! Wonderful! You see, I was late, John missed the way and drove me the wrong road. And that cat positively waited for me! Wonderful! Remind me all that this time I give you two dollars." All agreed to do so.

The men returned to the front of the house, leaving Mary Jane choking with laughter as she stuffed a long black boa into the pocket of her dress.

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Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 4.00, 10.20, 11.04 a m, 12.57 (dining car), 3.08, 4.10, 6.00, 8.24 (dining car), 11.58 p m. Sundays 4.00, 10.20 a m, 12.04 4.10, 6.00, 8.24, 11.58 p m.

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For Perkiomen R. R. points, week days, 7.45, 9.15 a m, 1.42, 4.15, 5.37 p m. Sundays—7.00 a m, 6.15 p m.

For Phoenixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.10 a m, 12.45, 4.05, 6.00, 6.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45, 11.06 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 7.29 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.05, 9.05 a m, 7.45, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.00, 10.35 a m, 6.15 p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.10 a m, 12.45, 4.05, 6.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 6.00, 7.29 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 7.45, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.00 a m, 6.15 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35 10.10 a m, 4.05, 6.30 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.29 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00 a m, 7.45 p m. Accom., 7.00 a m.

For Gettysburg, week-days—8.35, 10.10 a m. Sunday—4.00 a m.

For Chambersburg, week-days, 8.35 a m, 4.05 p m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.10 a m, 4.05, 6.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.00 a m, 6.15 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.10 a m 4.05, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sunday—Express 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week days, 6.30 p m. Accom., 1.42 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

For Danville and Bloomsburg, week-days, 10.10 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut St. and South St. Wharves: Week-days—Express, 9.00 a m, 1.30 (Saturdays only), 2.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00 p m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 5.00, 6.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m. Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Lakewood, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.15 p m.

FOR CAPE MAY, OCEAN CITY AND SEA ISLE CITY.

Week-days, 9.15 a m, 4.15 p m. Sundays—Chestnut street, 9.15 a m., South street, 8.00 a m. Additional for Cape May, week-days 2.15 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, N. E. corner Broad and Chestnut streets, 828 Chestnut street, 1036 Chestnut street, 609 S. Third street, 3902 Market street and at stations.

Union Transfer Company will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences.